

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 16, No. 46 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, SEPT. 26, 1903.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. } Whole No. 826
Per Annum (in advance), \$2.

Things in General

THE "I told you so" writer and prophet is a nuisance, yet occasionally one who has been contending against a manifestly disastrous procedure must remind his readers that the condition so painful and difficult to bear which comes about, is one which was spoken of frequently, and even though it could not be avoided it should have been evident to the wise, and they at least could have escaped being involved in the "pinch." Industrial stocks in the United States and in Canada have been forced to an extent which has made a crash unavoidable. I am not speaking of this as if it were the first time I had talked about it, but for eighteen months I have tried to warn investors—without becoming a "knocker"—to keep away from these things. I think it is over a year ago that I said in this column that stocks would bump all summer and they would bump good and hard in the Fall. Sure enough, Consolidated Lake Superior is bumping so hard that there is nothing left of it. Mr. Clergue was a very clever and amiable gentleman, and he certainly had the ability to induce capitalists to go in with him. His schemes were good, all of them, but they were put forward at a time when industrial stocks and "mergers" and all sorts of industrial trusts filled the air. No doubt it was this atmospheric condition that enabled him to get the money, but it was also the collapse of this peculiar condition which put him on the hunch—if he is? We may as well recognize the fact that we are to get lots of this sort of thing before the snow flies. Our Steel and Coal things have gone bump, not on account of inherent weakness, but in sympathy with the things in the United States of a similar sort. Until by some tariff policy of a most radical variety we separate ourselves from our neighbors, we must always share in their disasters as we are never permitted by their tariff policy to share in their good fortune. The nerves of the two countries are so intimately connected that our good fortune is theirs to a considerable extent, and their good fortune is ours to a limited extent; our bad fortune does not affect them and their bad fortune does affect us, and we ought to make provision for this sort of thing.

Clergue is an exceedingly clever man, Napoleonic in his ideas of what can be accomplished. The franchises he has are incalculably valuable; the things he has attempted to do were entirely within the limits of modern possibilities. I have no doubt that he has been crushed out by the upper millstone of the grinding powers of Yankee trusts, which are working at their utmost speed. We may be sure that these powers will fail, unless his energy is bartered that way; that the whole situation will readjust itself, and that the "Soo" instead of being like Tyne and Sidon, a place for the drying of nets, will be one of the busiest markets in the producing of what the world uses. Mr. Clergue has had a trying experience, enough to break the heart of any ordinary man. It is to be feared that he has encompassed, in his efforts to obtain money, many things which a less ambitious man would have avoided. The millions of dollars that he has engaged in his enterprises have come from somewhere. It is rumored that some of these millions, probably ten or fifteen, were trust funds which were invested by companies looking after estates. It is sad to think that widows and orphans must mourn the disaster at the "Soo" much more bitterly than the investors who have taken hold of it as a business enterprise. Probably the disaster will be felt more bitterly in Philadelphia than in the town where work has been suspended, though 3,500 people cannot be thrown out of employment without a certain amount of rioting and privation.

It is hard to decide how this will affect the Provincial Government in a by-election. Without doubt the Government has been very kind to Mr. Clergue and his enterprises, and yet it is doubtful, by all accounts, whether Mr. Clergue exerted his influence in favor of the people who made him their beneficiary. In any case it is hard to tell who will be hurt by things of this sort. The wisest course to pursue is to anticipate such disasters and keep away from them. I have been blamed as a pessimist by many financial men, but for eighteen months I have foreseen not only the crash in the "Soo," but in the United States, amongst industrial stocks, and have been continuously warning people against such investments. I can only say that we are not through with them yet, that there must be others, and whether they take place in the United States or in Canada their influence will be felt here. This country should not be so dependent upon what is thought and done by our big neighbor. There is no reason why we should not be wonderfully prosperous except that we are not self-reliant. Commercial conditions will always be unsafe in Canada while Canadians do not manage them.

THE widely advertised sale of bonds to pay for the construction of the Temiskaming Railway has fallen flat. This is not the sort of thing that the average reader concerns himself about, yet as a matter of fact it is a very important matter. The Ontario Government guaranteed the bonds at three and a half per cent, yet no capitalists or corporations seemed inclined to make offers for a sufficient amount of the bonds to be acceptable. The failure of the Government through its Commissioners to procure the money was noted in the press without any comment. I remarked the failure without having suggested to my mind the peculiarity of the event and its cause. Ontario is a rich province; the security it offers is absolutely good, and that the bonds offered should go begging was something which was both unexpected and unaccountable. A man eminent as a financier and student of public events asked me within the week if I did not think that the name of A. E. Ames at the foot of the advertisement had hoodwinked the whole thing. "I cannot understand," said the financial man, "why a broker who has recently had to close his doors should have to do with those bonds. There isn't the slightest doubt in the world," said he, "that a gilt-edged security failed to appeal to the buying public because a man rightfully or wrongfully discounted appears as chairman of the Commission. Nothing with the name of 'Ames' stamped upon it is enticing to the investing public at the present time. It is rumored that the Government will make a new offer of four per cent. bonds instead of three and a half interest-bearing securities, and will retain Mr. Ames as chairman of the Commission. If they do, the country will simply lose the half per cent. per annum, for if Mr. Ames is not connected with the lay-out, in my opinion the bonds can be easily sold for three and a half per cent. I cannot conceive," he continued, "why a man who has been a commercial failure should be retained to the embarrassment of the Government though he appears to be a disturber of credits which should be gilt-edged. It is currently rumored that he resigned but his resignation was not accepted. He should resign again, and his resignation should be the end of it, and the next advertisement of bonds should be signed by the treasurer of the province. Nobody cares to do business with one who was recently an insolvent broker, if he is not now, whether it be in a matter of Government business or a private affair."

This is only another indication of Hon. Mr. Ross's loyalty to his friends. It would appear that no matter how badly he gets hurt he will stick to the people who hurt him. He was in the Old Country when Mr. Ames was selected; he is in this country now, and he should know that the arrangement was unfortunate. His loyalty to his appointees and his political friends will be his crucifixion if he does not watch out. To have the bonds of Ontario discredited on account of a political friend having mismanaged his own affairs, and to retain him in the position of chairman of a Commission, is a political mistake, and displays Mr. Ross himself in a friendly but very weak posture.

AN interesting contribution has been made to the Master-in-Ordinary at Osgoode Hall of those who not only lost what they invested in the Atlas Loan of St. Thomas, but are liable for large amounts of subscribed but unpaid stock. Many of these subscribers are countrymen and countrywomen, and any insistence for the payment of the subscribed stock will probably rob them of every cent they have in the world. According to the "News" of Wednesday, Mr.

Wallace explains that of the \$48,400 for which he is apparently liable, "he held many of these shares for A. E. Ames & Co. and others, and that these people are necessarily liable therefor." I do not desire to harp on this subject, but it is one of peculiar painfulness. As I read over the list of those liable for further contributions I find the names of people with whose circumstances I am fairly familiar. That they have been put in the agonizing position that they occupy seems to me a crime for which no man should be forgiven.

CHAMBERLAIN'S attitude with regard to preferential trade is an interesting study of the development of the British Empire. It cannot be looked at in any smaller sense, for if the British Empire does not prefer its own people to the foreigners who prey upon it, it must necessarily suffer. The old-fashioned free trade policy which almost occasioned an industrial revolution at its inception, has to be abandoned. To my mind there seems no alternative. Great Britain must not be the prey of every other nation, and to keep from being raided by foreigners it must have some tariff. The contest at first may show Mr. Chamberlain to be very weak in his contention; ultimately it will place him in a position which will be unassailable. That he thoroughly understands the strength of his position has been shown by his coming out in the open and making the British public understand that the question is so important that he would not else have resigned his position as Colonial Secretary. Mr. Chamberlain as an unattached diplomatist will be an extraordinary power in British politics. That he continues to be closely allied with the Imperial Government is evident; in fact, the whole arrangement seems to be to find out without a disastrous election the mind of the people. The mind of the British people is a very hard thing to get at; in fact, the mind of any people is a difficult thing to size up. The hardest man in the United



NAPOLEON CLERGUE AT THE PASSAGE OF THE SOO.

Kingdom to get at is the agricultural laborer. He is more stupid and less progressive than any other voter. He is the man most concerned in this proposed change, and his self-interest should impel him to belong to the Chamberlain party. It is an important moment in the history of the Empire. If we are to live with the Mother Country as favored children while foreigners cannot come in to dinner uninvited, we will sit and hold hands with the old woman in an affectionate way which will mean a great deal more than a mere preference in trade. To an onlooker it seems extraordinary that this affectionate relation in trade matters was not established decades ago. No family can live on the purely business basis of allowing everyone, indoors and out, to have an equal chance. That is not the way domestic concerns are run. The fact that Great Britain has allowed everyone to have spoon and dish at the Imperial table, without showing any kindness to kinspeople, has been a great mistake.

THE London "Daily Mail" quotes extracts from a dozen Canadian papers to show that Canadian public opinion is unitedly hostile to Mr. Chamberlain's programme. At the same time a section of the English press is rebuking Canada for expressing sympathy with the retired Secretary and thus interfering in the domestic affairs of the United Kingdom. General Laurier, who was at one time a member of the Dominion Parliament, and now sits in the British House of Commons, has felt it incumbent on him to set the people of England right with regard to Canada's attitude. "In England," says he, "the majority of people believe that Canada has had something to do with the agitation, that we have forced the hands of those who are committed to protection. This is not so; Canada has had nothing to do with it. Still, a great deal of mischief has been done in England. People believe that they are being asked to pay more for their bread in order that Canada may benefit, that simply for sentimental reasons the Canadian may become richer at the expense of the Englishman's pocket. The result is that the reputation of Canada has suffered. The Englishman asks why he should pay more for his foodstuffs, and Canada still penalize his manufactures."

General Laurier is quite correct in saying that Canada has taken up no attitude on the question at issue. It may be true that colonial opinion and sympathy seem to run with the ex-Colonial Secretary, yet the expression of that opinion and sympathy has been restrained and circumspect. If it is difficult for Englishmen to learn what is the drift of Canadian or Australian opinion, it seems almost equally difficult for anyone here on the spot to discover in what direction the current of thought is setting. Parliament is in session, yet neither of the parties that in a few months expect to appeal to the Canadian electorate have sought to place themselves on record with regard to Mr. Chamberlain's programme. This is surely significant of indifference or vacillation in respect of a great issue that should admit of only the strongest convictions. It probably means that on a question of such magnitude popular conviction forms but slowly. There is evidence that in the Old Country, as here, conviction on the fiscal issue is taking shape with some hesitation and uncertainty. Perhaps for that very reason, when once formed, it will have all the greater bulk and solidity.

THAT the inauguration of a so-called Canadian cable service at the public charge does not mean the elimination of Yankee guff from the news columns of the dailies, is proven by the nonsensical despatches about King Edward overruling Balfour in the choice of Cabinet Ministers. This sort of stuff would never be written by a correspondent having a grasp of British constitutional usage, nor is it likely to be swallowed by a public accustomed to the operation of parliamentary forms as Britons understand them. It is manifestly the work of some Yankee correspondent who but slightly comprehends our system of government. As a rule the European representatives of "American" newspapers like to picture royalty in pretty vivid colors. It is fascinating to read of sovereigns who wear their crowns when they go out walking, who fulfill the law of divine right in the most trivial word or deed, and who rule as well as reign. This is the average Yankee's conception of a king, and it is one that lends itself to fine writing such as the European correspondents are supposed to do. But Canadians know that the British constitution must operate in the British Isles very much as it does in Canada; and, to say the least, it would be difficult to imagine Sir Wilfrid Laurier or any other Prime Minister deriving his power and authority from the people, allowing the occupant of Rideau Hall to dictate in the matter of the personnel of the Government. A popular and able Governor-General would have great personal influence with his Premier, and it is easy to imagine that King Edward's predilections and prejudices have considerable weight with his advisers, merely on the basis of his great experience of men and affairs and his established tactfulness and sound judgment. But to imagine that the King has assumed personal direction of the government at this crisis, as some of the "American" correspondents infer, is to argue both him and his Ministers unfit for the discharge of the very duties they are pictured as

to become so congested, remains the same. We are not getting the worth of our money, whether the calls are more numerous than they were or whether there are fewer people to answer when we ring. It may be that Central is the chief offender, but there should be no offender; we should get a good service in every part of the town. The fact that we are being bullied and taught that more capital should be allowed the company is unsatisfactory. We are paying for an ordinary means of transmitting our ideas to people at a distance, and we pay for that at a rate which should give us proper consideration. If, as he says, the Government and the municipality have denied the Telephone Company a right to increase their capital, the general public should regret having joined in such a conspiracy. The opposite is the case, for the Bell Telephone Company, in a desire to utilize its monopoly, has been anything but kind in its administration of what has grown to be a public necessity.

UNDER the heading of "Contest of Creed," the "News" of last Friday speaks of the circumstances surrounding the appointment of Miss Dunn to the staff of the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute. If I were to characterize the episode in the same words, I would be accused of bigotry, so I will quote the editorial utterance of the "News" as fittingly describing the event:

"The circumstances surrounding the appointment of Miss Dunn to the staff of the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute are such as call for a protest from all who believe that fitness should be the one consideration in selecting teachers for the schools. The disgraceful scene at the meeting of the Board, when she was appointed, was not a sudden ebullition, but the culmination of a campaign of wire-pulling that was discreditable both to those who engaged in it and to those who were influenced by it. The friends of the young lady boldly ignored the fact that she did not possess the requisite qualifications. They set to work deliberately to force upon the principal of the senior Collegiate Institute an assistant whose standing in her profession is not equal to the demand of the position she is to occupy, and by sheer force of persistent lobbying they succeeded."

"The Board advertised for a 'specialist' in modern languages, to act as assistant, at a salary of \$1,000 a year. There were three applicants, with specialist standing, any of whom the principal was prepared to accept. That, surely, gave the members of the Board as wide a choice as they could reasonably desire had they been influenced solely by considerations of professional qualifications. But these three ladies were passed over and Miss Dunn appointed because she was a Roman Catholic. The young lady's creed won for her a prize that she was not entitled to upon the ground of scholastic attainments or pedagogical ability, and which in fair competition she would have lost to any of the three other eligible applicants. Had her cause not been championed by Father Tracy, who canvassed the members of the Board with a vigor and boldness seldom equalled by politicians, Miss Dunn's application would not have been considered. It matters not that her religion was not openly discussed, in fact, that it was not publicly mentioned, not a member of the Board who submitted to the pressure, nor one who imposed it, lost sight of the fact for a moment that her chief claim to consideration was her connection with the Roman Catholic Church. The amazing activity of the priest in her behalf, and the violence and fury of her co-religionist on the Board when her professional standing was called in question, attest the accuracy of the statement."

"Instances of this kind have, unfortunately, not been rare in the educational affairs of this province and city. Men and women have been foisted into positions for which they have not been qualified, because they were Roman Catholics, or Orangemen, or Methodists, or Presbyterians, and it was thought to be necessary to balance the various classes represented in the community. It is notorious that men have been appointed and retained on the staff of our Public Schools for no other reason than that they had the password to an Orange lodge. That is a vicious course of action that must result in the deterioration of the work of the schools. It is a crime to the children whose educational interests are sacrificed to advance the material welfare of the individual. If that is the case, and our Roman Catholic friends will probably agree with it touching the Orangemen, is it not equally criminal to ignore the educational necessities of the pupils in our secondary schools for no higher purpose than to provide a situation and a salary for a Roman Catholic?"

Following this up, on Tuesday the "News" had a second editorial equally outspoken:

"We flatter ourselves that in this enlightened age and in this Protestant city there is no such thing as priestly domination. But recent records of the Collegiate Institute Board contain evidence to the contrary, that is quite convincing. The priest does not dominate as in former times by threats of spiritual penalties; political punishment is the more effective weapon now."

"The only conclusion that the facts warrant is that it was the fear of Roman Catholic influence that caused the majority of the members of the Board to stultify themselves by advertising for a specialist in modern languages and appointing one who does not possess specialist standing. No doubt the young lady in whose behalf the power of the priest was exercised is an admirable person. But it was not personal qualities alone that were sought; it was literary attainments and pedagogical ability. The work required of the new teacher is such that calls for success in a course that she has not taken. The advertisement specifically stated that a specialist was required. Miss Dunn was not eligible to apply, let alone to be appointed. Had she not been supported by the influence of the Church her application would not have been considered for a moment. The incident is about as rank as it could be. No matter from what standpoint it is viewed, the appointment is without justification. That the influence of a priest should be greater than that of the principal of the school is an extraordinary condition. The professional reputation of the principal is jeopardized, the interests of the scholars are set aside, and public sentiment is outraged in order that a Roman Catholic may obtain a situation. The parents of the pupils make many sacrifices to give them the advantages of secondary education. They pay for the highest qualifications in the teachers, and it is intolerable that appointments should be determined by creed considerations. It cannot be urged that a teacher of that faith is needed for the sake of the scholars, for there are only five Roman Catholics in a total of 850 pupils in the Jarvis Street Institute."

"The case is an unusually flagrant instance of the exercise of religious influence in public affairs. That eight Protestant members of the Board could be found to assist in foisting upon the staff one who is not qualified for the work proves two things, namely, the boldness and energy of professional Roman Catholics in public life and the weakness and treachery of those whom they have to work with on the Collegiate Institute Board."

The editorials which have been quoted above are singularly distinctive of a new attitude of a paper which fell very much away from the posture it held when I was its editor. The idea that there has to be a Roman Catholic section of the community is one that I have always combated. To those properly educated there are no sections of the community; we are all working for the same thing, should be paying the same taxes, should have our insurance rates equalized, our water rates on the same basis, and everything which we do as citizens arranged so as to create no distinction or hardship for anybody. I have contended frequently to my own disadvantage that the Roman Catholics demand a preferential treatment which they should not receive. In the Province of Ontario Roman Catholics are less than seventeen per cent. of the entire population. Criminals who profess that faith vastly outclass in percentage the population whose name they bear. With a knowledge of these facts it is difficult to bear with equanimity the procedure by which an unqualified Roman Catholic was forced into the teaching staff of the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute. There is not the slightest doubt that politicians, without regard to name or class, panders to the sixteen per cent. who are supposed to be able to

turn an election either one way or the other. Cheap and blatant professional Roman Catholics occupy front positions in demanding recognition from both the municipality and the Government. As in the instance quoted, qualification has little significance. Roman Catholics demand not only their share of recognition, but much more. It appears to be their misfortune that they have not aspirants to public place of sufficient number to quiet the demand without occasionally, if not frequently, pushing into place those who have failed to obtain the proper requirements. It is a situation of very great difficulty and should be resisted by everyone who believes that no one should have a place who is not properly equipped for the task.

AN enormous steamship, the "Tadouac," set out from the Bertram works this week to ply upon the lakes. She is one of the experiments which will likely decide whether the big boat is to replace the smaller one for inter-lake traffic. The development of the lake business in connection with transportation is proceeding very rapidly. There is little doubt that the enormous freight carriers will do the business and put the smaller ones out of commission. The carrying of foodstuffs from Great Britain has become a specialty, not only in the tariff of Mr. Chamberlain, but in the transportation rates of those who have charge of lake craft.

SO far as I have been able to observe the conduct of the Alaska Boundary case, Canada has a distinct advantage. Sir Robert Finlay, whose name is not familiar to the Canadian ear, seems to have made his argument both lengthy and convincing. Mr. Aylesworth has also made a point, but it seems a hopeless contest, for the United States appears to have gone into the matter with its mind made up. Canada should remember, particularly in this arbitration results as it is likely to do, that the United States always has its mind made up, and that it is made up to "do" Canada and every other country with which it has any business. A recognition of this attitude will much facilitate whatever business foreign countries have to transact with the domain which considers itself the favorite spot on God's earth.

THE appeal of the Lord's Day Alliance to the Labor Congress now meeting in Brockville is interesting, as it very largely represents the preacher business as opposed to the idea of us all being able to do a profitable trade the year round. The Labor men are invited to agitate for further reductions in their tasks, and practically to help the Lord's Day Alliance to acquire larger contributions on Sunday. All that is needed to entirely discredit the Lord's Day movement is being done. That labor and religion, though inharmonious in the conduct of public affairs, are to be united to reduce the hours of toil and to regulate public affairs, is sufficient to alarm those who have to make a living in the blaze of the world's competition by making goods for sale. One can easily see, while watching the contest between labor and capital, that the rich man runs the Church and the poor man runs the Union. A profitable combination cannot be made between these elements, and the poor man is sure to be left in the lurch by joining hands with those who will sacrifice him at the first possible opportunity.

IT is perhaps just as well that there is a prospect now of the courts being called to pass on the validity of the remission of fees at the Western Cattle Market during the last five or six weeks. This is the sort of question that is most easily, if not best, settled in Toronto with the assistance of a platoon of judges, lawyers and policemen, for it seems that no one ever was or ever is to be allowed either to do an old thing in a new way or to undertake a new enterprise in the name of the ratepayers without having his bona fides attacked as soon as the writ-smiths could get their engines in operation. It may be somewhat outside the scope and intention of the Municipal Act that the city of Toronto should virtually embark in the cattle business at the general risk and expense of the ratepayers. There are a great many good and useful things which might be done in the capital city of the province which would not be within the scope of the Municipal Act. The Municipal Act was made for the guidance of a lot of small communities whose conditions are utterly dissimilar to those of Toronto. The Municipal Act has been a millstone around Toronto's neck industrially. Toronto's cattle trade was imperilled, and the law of self-preservation dictated radical measures. As I have before pointed out, while it is difficult for those who have nothing to do with the buying or selling of cattle to understand the magnitude of the interests, we all know that this was the business which gave Kansas City its first leg up, and did much to make Chicago a metropolitan center. The cattle trade of Toronto is comparatively a small item, yet it is a growing one, and is not to be despised amongst the sources of the city's prosperity. In the letters sent to the City Council on Monday by two firms of solicitors, threatening legal action against the city because of the remission of fees, it is a sinister fact that in neither case is the name divulged of the party at whose instance the threatened proceeding is to be taken. It would be illuminating to the public mind to have this knowledge. One of the solicitors' letters sets up the implication that the Western Cattle Market is being maintained at public expense "to satisfy some individual interests," yet the individual interests at the back of this very communication are studiously concealed and nothing more definite than "our clients" appears in either of the lawyers' letters. Who are the clients of Messrs. Mills and East, who are seeking to involve the city in a law suit over the question of market fees, yet have not taken their fellow ratepayers into their confidence?

SO the dear brethren of some of the city churches want the Curfew law put in operation in Toronto, and are agitating to that end! Knowing the tendencies of certain local reformers, this information sounds fearsome, but the traveling public, who have experienced the delights and vicissitudes of a Toronto "Sawbath," and carry the memory thereof as a deep-pledged possession, need not get excited. The Curfew law does not apply to men with whiskers on, and the proposal of the "Thou shalt not" brethren need not be mistaken for a suggestion to apprehend persons of mature years found at large in Toronto after sundown and send them summarily to bed. This modern relic of mediaeval repression which graces Ontario's statute books, this so-called Curfew law which at present is in operation in one-pump villages and is enforced nowhere, is aimed only at the festive juvenile. Its purpose is to reform oncoming generations, to nurture a race of good little boys and girls who shall shun and dread the evil communications of the street, and who, even if they do not honor the bidding of father and mother, shall have respect to the clang of the town clock and the brass sheen of the policeman's buttons. Ten years ago there was a perfect mania for the Curfew law in the small towns, cities and villages of Ontario. Everywhere the by-law was solemnly, not to say prayerfully, passed, by sanctimonious assemblies of reeves and councillors. The uprising generation was to be legislated past the rocks and reefs of evil into the strait and narrow channel of righteousness. Every night at nine o'clock, in a thousand rural settlements of Ontario, the Curfew tolled out its short but solemn warning to all good little children to be in off the streets. And every night in as many places the warning was disregarded; the rural constable found it impossible, as well as distasteful, to pursue a hundred fleet-footed and bare-heeled youngsters up and down back streets; parents made no effort to help the law out; it gradually here, and quickly there, became a dead letter, and the ringing of the bell got to be a mere formality. And so it happens that ten years after the Curfew has been found by practical experience to be a useless and absurd measure, the proposal is made, backed by Staff Inspector Archibald, to load up Toronto with a legislative experiment which has been a failure in every one-horse town throughout the province. The suggestion is almost too absurd for serious discussion, but the point of the whole matter is that parents must keep their children off the streets, and if they cannot do so the police cannot do it in their stead. There is a great deal of evil learned by young children from indiscriminate contacts in street play. I am heartily in sympathy with the men of good sense who desire to see the home-life cultivated and young children taught to regard the home and not the street as their natural center of gravity. But this can only be done by home-making and home-loving parents. It is certainly a delusion to think that the passage of a Curfew law would be anything but a fiasco in a city the size of Toronto, or if enforced would have any real tangible moral influence on the children, who would be only led to still further discount parental authority in favor of the baton and the police court.

I can not remain idle. Ever since I was a child, I have had this feeling. Time means everything. If you can not do a thing here, do it elsewhere. An hour saved is an hour gained, and in that hour gained may be accomplished the one thing you have been striving for.—G. Marconi.

Social and Personal.

INVITATIONS are out to-day to the marriage of Miss Amy Louise Laing, daughter of Mr. J. B. Laing, of 106 Bedford road, and Mr. John Haydn Horsey. The ceremony will take place in St. Alban's Cathedral on Wednesday, October 14th, at half-past two o'clock, with a small reception afterwards at the home of the bride's father. Mr. and Mrs. Horsey will reside in Isabella street this winter, where Mr. Horsey has leased a pretty "maison garnie" for some months.

Invitations were out early in the week to the marriage of Miss Edna Priscilla Lowe McNaught, daughter of Mr. W. K. McNaught, and Mr. Hilton Russell Tudhope. The ceremony will take place in the Jarvis Street Baptist Church on Wednesday, October 14th, at half-past two o'clock, and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, 98 Carlton street.

October will indeed be a month of weddings, and invitations are being received every day to these interesting events, while puzzled men and women may be observed scanning the beautiful things in the showcases in jewelers' and stationers' shops, trying to select something original for the last bride to whom they wish to make a gift. The October list so far includes Miss "Cissie" Fahey, who is to be married on the first to Rev. George Wilson; Miss Annie Long of Woodlawn, who is to wed Mr. Wheeler of Minneapolis on the same day; Miss Buchanan, whose wedding takes place on the sixth; Miss Emily Heintzman of Tannenheim, also a bride on October 6th; Miss Alice Kemp of Castle Frank, who is to be married on the seventh; Miss Laura Ireland, whose wedding takes place on the twelfth; Miss Amy Laing and Miss Edna McNaught, who are to be brides on the fourteenth. Miss Kate Ross, daughter of the Premier of Ontario, is one of the last of the September brides, as her marriage to Mr. Charles Mitchell takes place next Tuesday, and November brides are already beginning to be in evidence, as I see, Miss Helen Pemberton is to be married to Mr. Percy Stevenson on the tenth.

A September wedding which was of considerable interest occurred on Monday, when in the Church of the Redeemer Miss Lillian Blanche Henderson and Mr. Charles Percival Read of Chicago, son of the late John B. Read, Q.C., were married. The church was handsomely decorated for the wedding, pink and white asters being arranged with banks of palms and ferns, and the choir rendering a beautiful choral service, the bride having been one of the members of the choir for some length of time. Rev. Charles James, the rector, was the officiating minister. Miss Henderson's wedding gown was of ivory chiffon, embroidered and shirred and finished with a guimpe of fine lace seeded with pearls, with a bertha of the same. A wreath of orange blossoms and a tulle veil hemmed with seed pearls, and a bouquet of the bride's name-flower and white roses, completed her charming toilette. Miss Ethel Pyne was bridesmaid in pale green crepe and bolero jacket over cream accordion chiffon, and a black picture hat. She carried crimson roses, with sashes of satin ribbon. Mr. Herbert Lionel Read, brother of the groom, was best man. Another brother, Mr. Norman Read, Mr. Clarence Henderson, brother of the bride, and Mr. Frank Morrison were the ushers. Mr. Henderson brought in his daughter and gave her away. After the marriage a reception was given at the home of the bride's parents in Spadina avenue, and later on Mr. and Mrs. Read left for a honeymoon in the United States, the bride going away in a green cloth traveling dress, touched with white and gold, and a white and black hat.

Last Thursday, September 17th, the weather turned cold and wet, and although it cleared up a bit, quite spoiled the garden party (as such) which the Daughters of the Empire were to have given to the wives and daughters of the Canadian Manufacturers, but turned the festivity into a tea which was held in the conservatory of Government House. Mrs. Norheimer of Glenedyth and Mrs. MacMahon received the guests, and some of the young members of the Imperial Order assisted the officers in waiting upon them. The company was not a large one, but numbered the fine flower of Toronto society, and the affair was much appreciated by the visiting guests who braved a gloomy day to attend it.

The Argonauts' dance on Saturday was, as usual, the pot rendezvous of the young set, who enjoyed the races, the bright weather and the dance. For years these dances have been the favorite informal gatherings of the autumn season, and the races this year were additionally interesting on account of the visit of St. Catharines oarsmen. The floor and music were excellent, and the number of pretty girls quite bewildering, some of the students at the smart ladies' colleges and schools this year being of quite remarkable beauty, in addition to the usual array of graceful dancers and lovely faces which are "habitués" at the Argonaut dances, for nowhere else does young Canada of the gentler sex look quite so fetching.

The President of the O.J.C. and Mrs. Hendrie left England on Thursday, and may be here for the last days of the meeting. The luncheon on Saturday will be as bright and pretty a function as taste and skill can make it. The decorations will be red and white, and given a fine day the ladies will do their usual part in making the scene brilliant. Everything looks lovely at the Woodbine to-day (Thursday), track and all at its best. I hear a rumor that His Excellency may steal a day from the shooting to see one particular race next week. On another occasion, when he attended the races informally, the result pleased him very much. I am wondering if it may be the "two mile." His Excellency would like to see. Major Maude has accepted the invitation to attend the races, and some smart people are also expected from other parts of the Dominion and the States.

Mrs. Henry Osborne sails for Canada next week. Mrs. MacCulloch and her two little lads, who are growing very fast, have returned from a summer at Minicou. I hear that some devotees of that healthful spot can scarcely bear to leave it, and that others are going, or gone, up for the glories of the autumn on Georgian Bay.

In mentioning the pleasing fact that Major Victor Williams had done so splendidly at Aldershot this summer, I could hardly add that Colonel MacDougall, who was with him, equally distinguished himself, as both officers are so well known here that Torontonians take much interest in their success. Mrs. MacDougall has been very busy getting her young sons off to college in Hamilton, where Master Nordheimer of Glenedyth is also putting in his school days.

Mrs. Charles Strange Macdonald will hold her postnuptial receptions at Cona Lodge, Charles street, on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, October 5th and 6th. Mrs. Macdonald was Miss Magee of London, and already has many friends in Toronto. Mr. Allen Magee, A.D.C. to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, is a brother of Mrs. Macdonald.

The polo week, which everyone enjoyed so much, ended last Saturday with a gymkhana at the Hunt Club and a huge and jolly dinner of many small and a few large parties, to the number of over a hundred, which taxed the capacity of the charming Hunt Club, even on such a fine night. During the gymkhana, tea was served in a tent on the border of the polo grounds, and many prominent lights in the social world were partakers. The lovely weather gave the finishing touch to a charming week's sport, and the various polo teams were to be seen enjoying something of a rest from their violent exertions of the past week's play. A few of those who attended the Saturday event were Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn and Miss Alice Fuller Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold, Mr. and Miss Louie James, Mrs. Adamson, Miss Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon and Miss Audrey Allen, Senator Kerr of Rathfriland, Mr. and Mrs. Jack McKellar, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. George Evans, Mr. and Miss Athol Bickford, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Miss Guiseley House, Captain Bickford, Mr. and Miss Cawthra of McLean Howard, Mr. and the Misses Cassels, Mr. Cecil Merritt, Major and Mrs. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. VanKoughnet, the Misses Elmley, Colonel Stimson, Miss Esay Case, Mr. and Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mrs. Cattannach, Mr. Mulock the Misses Rudyard Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Francis, Miss Margaret Thomson, Mrs. W. Fraser, Mr. Dymont, Mrs. James Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Christie, Mr. Arthur Pepler, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Major Mason, Miss McArthur, Miss Van Pelson, Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, Miss Rutherford, and scores of others.

Last week the shadow of death rested over the little family circle of Mr. and Mrs. Wylie Grier, and their little son of nearly two years was taken from them. Very hearty

sympathy goes from every quarter to the devoted and sorrowing parents, who are most highly esteemed.

Miss Anna Jennings has rented her house for the winter to Hon. John Dryden, who takes possession on December 1st. Mr. Kivas Tully and Miss Tully are settled for the winter in their cozy flat at Bloor and Bathurst streets. Miss Sydney Strickland Tully is still sketching on the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson and their family return to town from the Island next week, and will be in pension for the winter, having rented their house in St. Vincent street to Mr. Davis.

Mrs. C. Carrington Smith returned home last week (Friday) from her summer outing, which she spent at Murray Bay, Star Island, and Longuissa, Georgian Bay.

Mrs. F. S. Stuart of 107 Jameson avenue has returned from Niagara Falls and will receive on the first and third Thursdays.

The Premier of Ontario entertained at luncheon in honor of Sir Thomas Brassey on Friday, September 18, in the Speaker's Chambers. The guests were largely Ministers of the Cabinet, with a few senators and city men.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, who spent the summer abroad, are back home again. Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock are returning home to-morrow from England. Mr. and Mrs. Marks of Port Arthur, who last winter leased Dr. Palmer's house in College street, are again in town. I hear they are at the Queen's Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack McKellar are at the King Edward. Mrs. Curry of Cleveland has been the guest of the Misses McKellar in their charming new home in Madison avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Patterson are at 37 Bloor street east for some time.

Dr. and Mrs. Carveth and their family are living at 220 Beverley street, their home in College street having been converted into the doctor's private hospital.

Mrs. Mulock, whose "days" are the first and third Mondays, will receive for the first time this fall on the third Monday of October.

The aster of September gives way next week to the chrysanthemum of October, and one at least of the October brides is to have a chrysanthemum wedding.

The engagement of Miss Muriel Sanford of Wessford, Hamilton, and Mr. Gordon Henderson was announced a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Kirkpatrick of Coolmine have been spending a short visit in Ottawa. Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh returned this week from a short stay in Ottawa.

Sheriff and Mrs. Mowat have settled in St. George street, and I understand Miss Mowat will make her home with them. They are residing in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Macdonald.

Mr. W. H. Brouse sold his former residence in St. George street, and is now with his young family settled in the remodeled and beautified residence known as the abode of more than one of Canada's Premiers.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Godfrey have returned from a four months' tour of Europe, and are again settled in their home in Madison avenue. While absent Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey visited Italy, Germany, Switzerland, France, the Netherlands, and the British Isles.

One of the prettiest homes in "Spotless Town" awaits the occupancy of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, who will take up their abode there next month.

The fall sporting parties are being made up, and our men are anticipating many a glorious day in Muskoka and other "gamey" districts.

Mrs. Auden, wife of the new principal of Upper Canada College, received for the first time this season on Thursday and will be at home on Thursdays during the season.

I hear that Lady Edgar intends spending the winter in Toronto, and is now on her way out.

Mrs. George W. Allen and Miss Audrey Allen have been welcomed back to Toronto. They are now, I hear, visiting Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, and will later occupy their residence on the corner of Homewood avenue and Wellesley crescent, purchased recently.

Last week polo, and this week golf, have engrossed the smart set. To-day the noblest animal has his turn, and the world and his wife will hie them to the Woodbine, where the directorate of the O.J.C. are to entertain their friends at the usual luncheon, for which invitations were sent out early in the week.

The marriage of Miss Lillian McBeth Mulholland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Mulholland, and Mr. Duncan A. Coulson, will take place in Christ Church, Deer Park, on Tuesday, October 6th, at two o'clock. A reception will be held afterwards at the residence of the bride's parents, Clinton avenue.

Mrs. Robert F. Massie (nee Covert) will hold her postnuptial reception on Thursday, October 1st, from 4 to 7, at 428 Bloor street west, and will afterwards receive on Fridays. Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Burns are going to Atlantic City on October 6th. Dr. Goldwin Smith will remain at the Grange, where Miss Homer Dixon is to spend the winter also.

Does Beauty Help Goodness?

GOODNESS NO!

MRS. SARAH TOOLEY discusses in the "Young Woman" the question "Is Beauty a Help to Goodness?" She says it ought to be, and quotes Emerson, that "beauty is the mark that God sets upon virtue." An artist to whom the question was put answered with an emphatic negative. He said the most beautiful girl model he ever had talked like a costermonger.

Mrs. Tooley goes on to indicate some of the drawbacks to the possession of beauty. The possessor tends to think there is no need to excel in any other way. She says: "A really lovely girl, perfect from the sole of her dainty foot to the crown of her pretty head, is apt to be so content with herself that she despises the cultivation of her mind and takes no trouble to be thoughtful and courteous in manner. The hard grind of toil to gain perfection in art, literature or music, seems needless to the favored child of Nature."

With somewhat unfeeling candor Mrs. Tooley shows how beauty spoils talk. She says: "Pretty women rarely excel as conversationalists. To put it baldly, they are thinking too much about themselves, are too conscious of their personal attraction to talk earnestly and well. They suffer also from the fact that men prefer chit-chat with a pretty woman to strenuous discussion. She is expected to be an adept at small talk, and is afraid of spoiling her reputation for attraction by permitting herself to express opinions." This defect, Mrs. Tooley rightly says, is the fault of the men: "When men demand that a woman shall not only look beautiful, but be well-informed, entertaining, and a good conversationalist, girls will strain their energies in that direction."

Plain but clever women nearly always talk well, she thinks, and receive social compensation by winning the attention of men tired of the "chattering of butterflies." She thinks that the greatest social success lies between the two extremes in the moderately good-looking women who have charm and intelligence. Mrs. Tooley grants that a beautiful girl is credited with goodness until it is proved to the contrary. "Juries are proverbially blind to the crimes of a pretty woman."

The moral effect on women of their lack of beauty is thus suggested: "An ill-favored face and defective body are undoubtedly the cause of much spite and ill-temper in women, and this must always be the case so long as beauty remains woman's most valuable asset. Indeed, people of both sexes have been known to recover self-respect and become more agreeable in the family circle after a visit to the dentist or a fashionable wig-maker, and the possession of a becoming costume has had the good moral effect of putting many a girl into an angelic mood. I have heard of a woman who became a sunbeam in her home after discovering that someone still admired her hands. There can be little doubt that the zest of life, and consequently the impetus towards good, is gone for the person who no longer has some form of attraction. Women will not sink into the demoralizing state of utter self-depreciation so long as even their finger-nails are oval and bright."

The writer balances advantages thus: "The attractive girl is open to greater temptation than her plainer sister. She is more liable to be drawn aside from the path of virtue, is in greater danger of being rendered vain and selfish by the adulation which she receives, and therefore beauty does not apparently help towards goodness. On the other hand, the possession of a lovely face and form is such a satisfaction in itself that it ought to, and often does, promote good temper and agreeable manners. The wise people say that a woman or girl never appears at greater advantage than when she is conscious of looking her best." She naturally concludes by questioning whether the good results produced by beauty on its possessor outweigh the evil. Among letters on the article may be mentioned one from Hal Hurst, who puts the case pitifully when he says: "God's choicest gift to us poor mortals is a beautiful woman—with goodness; without—the Devil's offering. Both are supremely delightful. It greatly depends on which road we are traveling."

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Social and Personal.

MR. and MRS. MULOCK have returned from their summer residence at Balm Beach. I hear that a rumor has been circulated that they intend leaving their Sherbourne street residence and occupying a large mansion in Jarvis street, but I understand there is no intention of their doing so.

The last concert given by the Band of the Coldstream Guards on Saturday and Monday were ovations, and enthusiasm reached its height at Massey Hall on Monday night, when, with standing room at a premium, thousands of cheering people gave the band a send-off which broke the record. Everyone has vastly enjoyed their playing, the eye has been pleased by their stunning get-up, and the maiden fair who sings with them is as earnest an artist as she is a charming girl.

The "Made in Canada" Fair closed on a great success in Hamilton last Saturday, and those who are interested are immensely gratified at the result of their enterprise. Some persons are pointing out that a "Canada first" attitude may not be quite consistent for the "Imperial" order of anything. "Be that as it may," the idea that Canada can and does produce fabrics of which we may avail ourselves for some of our most fetching gowns and wraps is new to a sufficiently large percentage of mondaines to justify a little presentation of the fact under such agencies as the exhibition held in Hamilton. We have furniture, pianos, fabrics, all sorts of useful and ornamental articles made in good style by Canadian manufacturers, who ask only for recognition to secure the patronage they so well merit. The introduction of Canadians to the triumphant results of genius and industry should begin at home, though not exclude an extended acquaintance when desirable.

The lectures announced to be given by Professor Clark of Trinity on Dante are postponed until October 17 and the five following Saturdays.

Dr. and Mrs. Nattress have returned from their summer spent at St. Agathe, a mountain resort near Montreal. They have taken apartments at the Elliott House Annex, which was formerly the family residence of the late Dr. Sweetnam, and which is more convenient on account of surgery facilities than the King Edward, where Dr. and Mrs. Nattress had intended residing this winter. Toronto friends were glad to see Rev. George Nattress here recently and to learn of his continued prosperity. He is now rector of a church at Wellesley (near Boston), a place familiar by name on account of the fine college established here, also came here on a visit to his brother, Dr. W. Nattress, and other relatives near Toronto.

Mr. G. P. Magann and his two elder sons left on Thursday for Edgebaston, Oratory, near Birmingham, where the boys are to spend some years at school.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones spent a short visit at Port Hope, returning early in the week. Their youngest son is a student at Trinity College School.

Mrs. and Miss Seymour and the Misses Hugel are spending some time in Port Hope. They will return to Toronto very shortly, where many congratulations await Miss Seymour on her engagement to Mr. Jack Hood.

Colonel Graveley has been spending a vacation at the Arlington, Cobourg, where his old home, Sidbrook, is transformed into a very grand place indeed by a wealthy "American," though at the expense of some of its quaint old-time charm.

Mrs. Auguste Bolte and her little sons will return from Cobourg to Toronto as soon as some improvements in their home are completed.

The last Saturday outing of the Automobile Club was participated in by nine cars, and among those who took the two days' outing were Dr. and Mrs. Doolittle (the doctor is president) Mr. and Mrs. Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Massey, Mr. Arthur Massey, Miss Bridgland, and several others.

Colonel Peters came down on Tuesday from London for the golf tournament, which opened on Wednesday with superb weather at the links of the Toronto Golf Club.

The Royal Grenadier Regiment, under whose auspices the grand concert of the Band of the Coldstream Guards were given this and last week, had a regimental parade for service on Sunday to St. James' Cathedral, and had the delight of hearing their visiting musicians play in the church during service. It was a memorable occasion. Colonel Stimson, who has been an invalid for some weeks, was able to be out, driven in his carriage to see his soldiers march by, but was, unfortunately, the victim of a severe shaking up by the collision of a runaway with the vehicle in which he was seated. However, I am glad to hear the colonel is none the worse for the encounter, and will soon be all right again.

The O.J.C. fall meet opens at the Woodbine to-day, and the races will be of decided interest. I hear that the president and his family party will not be home from England in time to attend the meeting, which is vastly regrettable, as their bright and hearty interest in the turf and their cordial hospitality is the crowning touch to our delightful O. J.C. meetings.

Of the close of the "Made in Canada" Exhibition in Hamilton an enthusiast writes: "The lights are out and gone are all the guests. That thronging came with merriment and jests to greet the Maiden Canada."

The quaint brick-paved old English street, with its high-pitched roofs and dormer windows, was a most appropriate setting for the busy Canadian booths that lined it. The happy thought of thus typifying the founding of our new enterprises upon the best traditions of the Mother Land was that of the regent, Mrs. P. D. Crerar. To the same gracious and tactful influence was due the harmony of the week's proceedings and the

smoothness with which all arrangements were carried out. The old dial, which counted only the bright hours, might have been set up in the Armory all the week. Everyone was in a "fair-going" mood, and all seemed a little sad when it struck 10 o'clock on Saturday night. No more cosy chats in the leafy seclusion of the tea-garden; Pierrot and Pierrettes have vanished from the gay Cafe Chantant. The groups in the mysterious archway of the palmists, the admiring crowds about the booths, have melted away; the little children have begged their last souvenir; flowers and sweets are all sold, and the pretty girls, in their picturesque costumes, are flitting from their stands. The band has gone; the gramophone holds out bravely to the end, and the blaze of light reflected from beautiful sunburst mirrors in the electrical display is bright as ever. But it is nearly 11; the "Made in Canada" Exhibit is among the "joys that are past."

Mr. W. Y. Archibald, who has been in Italy this summer, has returned to Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones of Llaw-haden have returned from England.

Misses Margaret and Emma E. Foley of Orangeville were in Toronto for a few days last week, in company with their cousins, Messrs. John and Martin Dolan, of Minneapolis, Minn., who have been visiting in Canada. It was the gentlemen's first visit to Toronto, and they were much impressed by its tidy appearance, as well as its business activity. "American" visitors in the city for the first time are often heard to express surprise on finding Toronto such a large and well equipped city.

Invitations were out on Monday to the marriage of Miss Mary Martin Kinneer, elder daughter of Mr. James Kinneer of Toronto, to Mr. John A. Milne, barrister-at-law. The marriage will take place in St. Enoch's Church on Wednesday, October 7, at half-past seven in the evening, and will be followed by a reception at 177 Carlton street, the home of the bride's parents.

Mr. E. W. Oliver, C.E., arrived in Winnipeg last week from the West. After spending a few days with old friends in the Western city he arrived in Toronto on Friday.

A correspondent writes: "One of the most delightfully successful of social functions marking the close of the summer season was the At Home and garden party given by Mrs. Stratton on the grounds of the beautiful town residence of Hon. J. B. Stratton, George street, Peterboro', on Friday afternoon, September 18. Although the fine weather prevailing when the cards were issued had been succeeded by a rather chilly atmosphere, the lawn was brightened by the presence of 250 guests, whose handsome toilettes formed a picturesque blending with the bright flowers of the borders and plots. Mrs. Stratton received in an alcove on the lawn at the entrance to the grounds in cream voile over yellow silk, and was assisted by her mother-in-law, Mrs. James Stratton, in black. An ornate marquee was provided for the beautifully decked refreshment tables, and a separate marquee, which supplied a delightful accompaniment to the chorus of happy laughter and cheerful chat. Throughout the grounds, interspersed among the shrubbery, were garden seats, with rugs placed on the turf, making guests oblivious of the slight coldness of the ground. Mrs. Stratton, as always, made a delightful hostess, forgetting or omitting nothing in the way of elegant appointment or warmth of graceful welcome that could contribute to the happiness of her guests or the success of one of the most brilliant social functions of the season in Peterboro'."

On Wednesday, September 16, in the Church of the Redeemer, Mr. James Alfred Morrison and Miss Edna May Brown, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Brown, were married. The church was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns and white asters. The Rev. Charles J. James officiated. The bride entered the church with her father, who gave her away. She wore a handsome gown of ivory Liberty satin, with a beautiful lace collar, a wreath of orange blossoms, and a tulle veil, fastened with a sunburst of pearls, the gift of the groom, and carried a shower bouquet of Bride roses. Her attendants were Miss Daisy Foster, as maid of honor, in a dainty white point d'esprit gown over white, large black hat, and carrying pink roses, and Miss Agnes Barron, as bridesmaid, in a pink voile gown, with hat and flowers the same as the maid of honor. The groom's gifts to the maids were pearls

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crown pins, and to the best man and ushers pearl scarf pins. Mr. Bert Morrison was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Walter Brown, Tom Brown, Harry Love and Fred Love. Immediately after the ceremony a reception was held at 24 Bloor street west. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison left on the 5.20 train for New York, going later to Atlantic City and Boston, the bride going away in a smart tailor-made suit of navy broadcloth over a white lace blouse, and black and white hat, with a touch of blue.

Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Anderson of Carlton street are spending a month parting shooting in Muskoka. The doctor is rapidly regaining his health after an attack of typhoid fever.

Mrs. T. W. Conlan (nee Hillock) received at her home, 85 Marlborough avenue, on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, September 24, and afterwards will be at home on the first and second Thursdays.

Mr. Reginald Morphy of the Bank of Montreal, Montreal, is home on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Morphy, of Avenue road.

Mrs. M. A. Thomas, Miss Adele Thomas and Mr. L. E. Thomas, Carlton street, have returned home after an extended tour through Europe.

The Tall Man and The Short Maid.

We frequently hear of extremes meeting, but very seldom of a man seven feet four inches in height marrying a dear girl about half his stature. This idiosyncrasy on the part of a German soldier is reported, and, reading between the lines, it is not difficult to conceive that, in point of getting her money's worth, the fair one has got the best of the bargain. The disparity, however, will probably offer no bar to the bestowal of caresses, and, with the help of a step-ladder, she will be able to kiss him when she wants to. Possibly this course will be preferred to the act of stooping on his part, which might lead to a chronic crick in the back. That, however, is their business, and as the poet aptly says, "Love will find out the way."

When two extremes meet and a man seven feet Weds a maid half the size thinking nought of it. We may think him too tall, but Love levels all. And that is the long and the short of it.

Last Thing Considered.
Crawford—In looking over a catalogue of automobile sundries I was surprised at the number of things invented for the protection of the chauffeur. Crabshaw—I wonder how many more accidents there will have to be before they invent something to protect the pedestrian—"Town Topics."

Awful Unawares.
"Pa!"
"Uh!"
"Pa, what is that saying about entertaining angels' underwear?"—"Town Topics."

Her Guarded Reply.
He—How would you like an October wedding, darling?
She—It depends altogether upon the year.

A grand piano underneath the bough, A gramophone, a Chinese gong, and thou Trying to sing an anthem of the key, Oh, Paradise! were wilderness enow!

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A TRIPLE CATCH.

By JETNA.

"FISHING! Why, yes, Jim. Heart and soul devoted to the gentle art. 'Twas a line and hook, with a fish at one end of it and a fool at the other, that secured me the dearest and sweetest of wives. Tell you about it? All right. Smoke up, old fellow! Oh, man, this log fire is cozy, but I would 'twere always summer!"

"That indicates otherwise," I interrupted, pointing to the luxuriant vine which thickly covered the fence outside the window, and was already showing some of its leaves tinged with red, though September was yet to come. Yes, the "good old summer time" was going, with hurrying footsteps. Alas! 'tis with a pang most of us part with her, though winter has its attractions. I was seated in the cheery smoking-room of my friend's house (such a pleasant home that is, by the way), watching the pale blue smoke, or rings, curl up from my favorite briar.

There were all manner of fishing rods and tackle in evidence; some valuable water-color sketches decorated the warm, yellow-tinted walls; an exceedingly fine "caribou head" mounted guard over the door; a few sporting prints flanked the wide, old-fashioned fireplace, with its dog-grate and blue and white tiling.

"What's that?" I asked, as I noticed a huge frilled pink cotton thing hanging from a peg in close proximity to the fishing rods. I was getting odd, and it seemed to me that in the land of "long ago" I had seen such things—just the same—corded and puckered and frilled—creel. No; they were of basket manufacture. I felt puzzled.

"That! Oh, that's my wife's gingham sunbonnet!" laughed Ned, and then I recollected in my boyish days we used to call them "kiss me if you can," for, faith! 'twould be a difficult task to get at rosy lips under the protection of that huge erection. I had a dim remembrance of trying—once—ah! she was a beauty! One doesn't meet that kind nowadays. The soft hair, guileless of frizzling or pompadour puffs, the simply-made dress (the word "gown" was not used), the sensible "Have some soda water" and my wife came back from their wool-gathering. I puffed out a volume of smoke. "Tell me about the sunbonnet, and the fish, and the girl, and—everything," I said, leaning back contentedly in my armchair, for, you see, as I said before, I was getting old. It was time to forget my own bygone love affairs and take, or press to take, the keenest interest in other people's. But (sotto voce) are they ever really forgotten? Some mind pictures the mist of years fails to dim. Better so; we would often be lonely enough if it were not thus.

"Well (puff! puff!), it all happened a year ago. We were holidaying on the Georgian Bay. I had come out to Canada with an Oxford chum (puff!), had had a nasty spill in the hunting field, and my broken bones didn't seem to knit properly, or something was wrong. A fellow hears so much nowadays of the Great Dominion—anyway, out we came, and after some touring found ourselves on an island in the Georgian Bay, enjoying its refreshing breezes.

"There were 'summer girls' there by the dozen—of course, all charming and pretty—but she—well, from the first minute I saw her it was all up with me (puff! puff!).

"She was balancing herself on the edge of a hamper, that pink thing tilted forward over her delicious little nose; then her eyes! Speak of 'divinely blue' why, divine isn't it as an adjective when used in describing her. Her voice—it thrilled like music to my heart."

I smiled, and told my friend not to waste precious time reciting poetry, which I already knew, for I was all anxiety to get to the "coup d'état" of the story.

"Yes," he resumed, "I was awfully hard hit. There is a fatality in these things. Some men can stop and put on the 'drag' whenever they choose—back out of the field—but I—well! In spite of being formally betrothed since my boyhood to an English girl I liked in a lukewarm, sisterly way, I flung prudence, everything, to the winds and determined to lay my heart and hand at her feet. I say flung prudence, because a certain irascible old uncle whose heir I was supposed to be was set upon the match, Miss Conyers being a ward of his. Then she possessed a snug little fortune of her own, not the least of her attractions in his eyes. I notice moneyed folk love to attract more."

"What was she like? Oh! well, yes, beautiful in her 'splendidly null' way—cold, precise—why, man alive! she never made my heart jump into my mouth at her presence, however near. A glance from her pale blue eyes failed to make me feel anything except that maybe I wanted to throw an extra log on the fire. Finally, she had not made me 'fall in love with her.'"

"Just so," I murmured. "But it seems to me you found all that out pretty late in the day."

"Just so," he murmured between the whiffs of his cigar. "But a far-strained sense of honor wasn't going to make me do the real thing, so—"

"So?" I queried.

"So I wrote to my uncle; told him how matters were with me. Touchingly begged him to remember he had had a day; that in all this wide world I'd found the one woman, and intended to hold her fast! His answer? Oh! his answer was characteristic of himself. I was even a bigger fool than he deemed possible; that women were a mistake; he'd been wise to keep clear of them (he was jilted, poor old fellow!); that his jolliest friends were bachelors—a long rigmarole, winding up by affirming he would cut me off with a shilling if I committed the egregious folly of marrying a designing American."

"Ah!" I ejaculated, for the story was getting exciting, "but I take leave to differ from your uncle, worthy man. Women, I fancy, are a necessary evil—like one's liver. A mistake? Certainly not." (I felt myself smiling grimly; I was a jolly old bachelor, you see.) "But, go ahead."

"Well, we had some delightful weeks after that. We'd go off, whole parties of us, with Indian guides, to fish for bass—Crooked Lake, Gloucester Pool, Gio-Home Bay—and get big hauls. The men of the party would often make a

'jackpot,' the lady who caught the largest fish getting the pool. The least experienced angler generally won, of course. Then we'd repair to a log cabin, where our guides cooked a ripping dinner for us, fresh fish being chiefly in evidence. Awfully good it tasted. There was a gasoline launch which puffed about, sometimes by moonlight—not alone."

"Umph! And had you popped the question?"

"No! Wait a bit. I had never been dubbed a coward, but somehow when it came to that I felt in a terrible funk. But she managed it."

"She!" I gasped. "Is that the way Americans have?"

"Listen! and learn. She knew by every word and sign and look that I adored her—trust a woman for that—and 'Shalleys' (that's my wife's name), like the plucky girl she is, for all her soft wiles and looks, was my helpmate in that as, bless her! she's been since we were married. Shalleys! Hasn't it a liquid, gurgling, musical sound? Some thing like the lapping, wish, wish of the water against the little Indian bark canoe? We have one in the attic—brought it over with us. Shalleys!"

I helped myself to another B. and S. I required it. Was it possible I should ever again advocate matrimony? "So she proposed to you?" I hazarded. "I have heard Americans—"

"My wife is a Southerner—from Virginia—and as sweet and modest as a Quakeress. It came about this way: We had been out in the launch in the twilight. They have little of that out there, by the way. All day my nerves had felt strung to their utmost tension. My uncle had taken it into his head to take a trip out to Canada, and would shortly shed the light of his countenance upon us. Our launch stuck in the bay—refused to move—which meant paddling, with difficulty, to shore and walking home through the woods. We scrambled along, quite an hilarious party in spite of our misfortunes. We, Shalleys and I, had lagged behind the others, and doubtless she had noticed my distraught manner. I had been telling her of my home-life, describing my uncle's fine old place, which, alas! thanks to that pig-headed old gentleman's unjust prejudice, was fated to fall into other hands than mine. My tongue seemed tied when I thought of that. I was a poor barrister, and in a 'mess' from which I felt there was no extrication. I was glad and sorry both when we reached the hotel. Shalleys sent me off to see if there were any letters. She saw, as clearly as I, I had told her, just exactly how I felt. When I returned she was sitting on a rocking-chair, away by herself, on the verandah. The moon had vanished discreetly behind a cloud, but I could see the soft outline of her face. She stooped and whispered, oh! so softly, while she groped about, as if searching for something. 'Where can it be?' 'Have you lost anything?' I asked, stooping also. My hand touched hers. I wonder if she heard my heart beating like a steam engine. 'Please let me help you to look for it. Can't I?' I said.

"I think so," was the low reply. And then, more firmly, 'I've lost my heart.' 'Lost—what?' I felt dazed, incredulous. Why, man, Ned! you can't have any idea of what I felt. And when she said again, 'My heart,' and looked up into my face, with the love-light shining in her dear eyes, I could not utter a word, but—it was all right—for weal or woe."

"Ah! beautiful!" I murmured. "But what about the fish, and the fool, and the pink sunbonnet, and—everything?"

"Oh! that, of course—that's the postscript to the story. A good joke, too. As I told you, my worthy uncle came out to Canada. He blustered and used choice language when arguing matters over with me. Positively refused to be introduced to the 'designing American mix,' though I could see he was impressed by her beauty and attractiveness. So matters were at a standstill, when one fine morning a lot of us set off with rod and worm. He, being a keen fisher, could not refrain from joining us. While standing on a slippery rock, he hooked a huge bass, and at the very moment of playing it he was seized with his old enemy, lumbago. He dropped into about four feet of water, and got rather a ducking as well as a bad fright. Shalleys was near, and ran to his assistance, calling for help. He flung his rod to her, and she soon had the prize safely landed, for she had become quite an expert. It all happened by accident, but nothing could have been more effectual in melting the old fellow's heart. A carefully planned plot would probably not have been as successful. Then she was so sweet and kind to him that he fairly lost his heart to her there and then, and boldly kissed her, before us all, although the pink gingham sunbonnet was mounting guard. We hurried him off to get into dry togs, but not before he had confided to me that he might marry the mix and wed with his blessing. 'For God!' he added with a chuckle, 'she landed my fish for me. So I can't and won't stand in the way of her landing hers.'"

"All's well that ends well!" I said reverently.

"There's my wife's voice," said my host, "and the dressing-bell. Come along!"

The Ladies' Votes.

It appears from the papers, in which I hasten to say I have a serene and childlike confidence, that at the forthcoming general election in Australia all qualified women will be entitled to vote. This is a great experiment in female suffrage; and the problem, it appears, is not to watch with interest and see how the ladies will vote of their own accord, but to invent a lot of little tricks for getting the ladies to vote the wrong way. Candidates are now busily occupied in thinking out different plans for capturing the feminine vote, and it is expected that their manoeuvres in this direction will excite a good deal of interest.

As far as getting a man's vote is concerned, I have always understood that the job was a fairly easy one. You either promise him a case of wine for Christmas, or press half a sovereign into his hand with the telling remark that England looks to her patriotic sons in this

hour of her dire need. Of course, I have only gathered this hint from hearsay. I am bound to confess that nobody ever offered me ten shillings for my vote; and besides, if they did, it isn't likely I should let it go under a sovereign, anyhow. A good thing is worth a fair price all the time. But with the ladies it is different. You can't go round a suburb presenting ladies with half-sovereigns without exciting the harsh suspicions of the uncharitable; and, therefore, candidates who are going to make a bid for the feminine vote in a political struggle must approach the subject in a diplomatic way.

If the candidate is young and good-looking, the problem may be confidently relied upon to solve itself. He can offer the lady voter his arm and whisper honeyed words into her ear, and wish like a mad man to get her sake, and all that kind of thing. Candidates' wives must be given to understand right from the start that the game of politics is a very serious business, and there must be no cheap jealousy displayed or any nonsense like that. If with the view of catching an influential voter, a candidate should find it necessary to lean over the lady's chair and speak in glowing terms of the light in her lovely eyes, it will be ridiculous for his wife to interrupt the business-like proceeding to take like a lady in interest over the blessed Cause, by inquiring if the candidate has expedient to conceal the fact that he is a married man; and the arrival of his wife upon the scene just as the lady has promised to bring all her friends to the polling-booth, will jack the good enterprise right up. The ladies will go over to the opposition at once and the blessed cause will get badly spavined.

In the same way, if the candidate comes home and announces at the dinner-table that he is going to take a party of girls up the river for the day, his wife will understand that nothing but his devotion to the cause could prompt him to take such a vital step. And if an influential lady voter is not likely to be attracted by anything less than a supper up West, it seems to me that it will be the candidate's duty to sacrifice himself and order the menu accordingly. I have no doubt that our brothers in Australia have thought of all the consequences attaching to the pursuit of the feminine vote; but, all the same, it really looks as if the new feature were going to knock the old home about pretty considerably.

In the country districts where the feminine voter is just a plain old-fashioned woman, the candidate will have to trim his sails accordingly. I don't know whether he will go so far as to offer to run out and catch the pony in the meadow, or to go and call the cattle home; but there can be very little doubt that delicate little attentions of this sort will weigh a good deal with the rural voter as he is trying to make up her mind whether to vote for tweedledum or tweedledee. Perhaps in the agricultural districts the candidate will put in an hour or two at the butter-churn just to win the favor of the farmer's wife; but I should not expect him to offer to milk the cows if he has had no previous experience in this delicate and subtle job. There is such a thing as paying too high a price even for the feminine vote, and if the fair voter insists on having the cows milked in return for her patronage, the only thing to be done will be to lure the opposition candidate into undertaking the enterprise.

Where the married lady voter is the mother of a large and healthy family, the candidate's course will be clear. He will descend on the happy home with toys for the children and prophesy a premiership, at least, for all the boys as soon as they are old enough to go into trousers. It will, perhaps, be a little hard on him if the lady voter takes an affected interest in children all in good faith and asks him to mind the baby while they discuss the political situation. I don't know anything about politics myself, but I should imagine it must be rather worrying to try and discuss some abstruse question while the baby is howling for ma, and the other children are holding a shooting competition to see which of them can hit the candidate in the eye first with a peashooter and a piece of chewed blotting paper. Under ordinary circumstances I have no sympathy with political candidates; but when a man is trying to catch the vote of the mother of a rampaging family as above, my heart goes out in sympathy to a fellow-man, and I feel that he is getting it hotter than he really deserves.

I observe that already one of the candidates has promised to marry the lady who secures the most votes for him. I dare say that's all right, but I was under the impression that under the ballot system you couldn't tell who had voted for you and who had voted for your opponent. The candidate representing the opposition. Perhaps in Australia they have a different system that enables them to tell which way a man is voting. In any event, it would seem to be a fairly risky enterprise to undertake to marry a lady you had never seen. Some elderly spinster with fighting instincts might claim the prize; and I don't see that even a member of Parliament could back out of the enterprise then in such a way as to secure peace with honor. A lady who has the power to marry the mix and round a neighborhood and rot in more voters than anybody else would be hardly the kind of wife the average man would care to have waiting on the stairs for him on his return from a very late night at the club.

The candidate who tried to capture the contingent of engaged girls in his constituency would have to go to work warily. His safest plan would be to endeavor to secure both votes together, by converting the lady by herself to the views he holds, he might find the interview suddenly broken up by the abrupt arrival of the young man. A candidate for Parliament is usually prepared in the way of business to take the risk of being hit with an over-ripe tomato or a yesterday's egg; but if he has got to risk in addition an untidy fight with half the young men in his neighborhood, a new element of excitement will be introduced into political life. And considering the question as a whole I feel rather glad that I am not putting up for Parliament myself just now. It is clearly going to be too uproarious a job for a quiet, domesticated person like myself.—"Pick-Me-Up."

She (romantic)—When you first saw Niagara Falls, didn't you feel as though you would like to jump in? He—No. I hadn't got my hotel bill then.

The Female Barber.

"Most fellows have a fancy barmaid," says "David Harum" in the "Sydney Bulletin." "My fancy is a pretty little lady barber, who has to pat every common Johnny in creation under the chin, and soap him with both tongue and brush at the same time. It makes me jealous. I visit her three times a week, generally at slack times, and as she scrapes my face she tells me her troubles and sometimes allows a big tear to drop on my nose."

"She works from 9.30 to 6 on weekdays and till 10 on Saturdays, and gets fifteen shillings per week. There are two other women in the shop—the proprietress and a slave, like my little woman, who does the same and gets the same—viz., fifteen shillings per week. My girl reckons the hawk-eyed proprietress is a devil to get on with, and clears £10 a week. She fines the girls sixpence every time they cut a man. My girl loses on an average four shillings a week at this. 'Unless you soon earn enough to marry me, I'll be cutting someone's throat,' she said yesterday. Poor little beggar! She's miserable. Took her out last Sunday afternoon. Passed two Johnnies; heard one of them say, 'There's the little girl from the barber's shop!' Felt mad, and would have jumped on him—only it was Sunday. I'm only a struggling journalist, and as soon as I am able to dig my hand deeper into the pocket where 'The Bulletin' keeps its money, my 'lady barber fancy' and I will be wedded. Oh, happy day!"

On the Road.

Sweet, we must never meet and part again.
Twere too much pain;
We needs must go our journey through
Without much grief or strife for fear we walk too slow
And we have far to go.

Sweet, you and I must never meet and kiss.
Twere too much bliss;
We have to go our journey soberly
Without much ecstasy for fear we walk too fast
And miss the way at last.

Sweet, you and I must follow separate ways.
And pass our days
And not too much remember nor forget
Too utterly for yet, remains the unknown inn
Wherein
(All our wayfarer being past and done)
At set of sun
After the shine and rain
We take our ease, and maybe meet again
—Ford M. Hueffer, in "Outlook."

The "Supreme Master of the Short Story."

THIS title, according to Mr. T. M. Parrott, belongs to Guy de Maupassant, of whom, he tells us, no formal biography has appeared in the ten years that have elapsed since his death. After stating that the short story, as it is at present understood in France, is the product of a French poet's acquaintance with and translation of the works of Edgar Allan Poe, Mr. Parrott admits that, on the other hand, "there is no writer living or dead who exercises a more profound and stimulating influence upon contemporary American short-story writers than the greatest master of the conte in France, that clear-sighted, sure-handed, cynical, unhappy artist, Guy de Maupassant." Of his tales we read (in the "Booklovers' Magazine," Philadelphia):

"Through them all flows the same spirit, masculine, materialistic, humorous, keenly sensitive to all the beauties of nature, bitterly contemptuous of all the basenesses of man, vibrating between an almost animal enjoyment of sensual pleasures and a morbid and abnormal, if hardly mystic, obsession of the horror of the suprasensual and the unknown."

"His master was his old friend and godfather, Flaubert, the founder in France of the realistic novel, the minute and laborious psychological analyst, the martyr of the written phrase. Flaubert's theories of composition are well-known, as is the prolonged agony which attended his putting those theories into practice. But to the strong, confident and restless youth he proved the best of masters. Flaubert taught his disciple that talent was, after all, the art of taking infinite pains in unwearied patience, that every individual thing or person was, in truth, an individual and not a mere member of a certain class, and that 'whatever be the thing one wishes

Two Tips

And Both Winners.

A man gets a friendly tip now and then that's worth while.

A Nashville man says: "For many years I was a perfect slave to coffee, drinking it every day, and all the time I suffered with stomach trouble and such terrible nervousness that at times I was unable to attend to business and life seemed hardly worth living. I attributed my troubles to the coffee, and after a long and continued to drench my system with this drug. Finally I got so bad I could not sleep, my limbs were weak and trembling, and I had a constant dread of some impending danger and the many medicines I tried failed to help me at all."

"One day a friend told me what Postum had done for her husband, and advised me to quit coffee and try it, but I would not do so. Finally another friend met me on the street one day and, after talking about my health, he said: 'You try Postum Cereal Coffee and leave coffee alone,' adding that his nervous troubles had all disappeared when he gave up coffee and began to drink Postum."

"This made such a great impression on me that I resolved to try it, although I confess I had little hope. However, I started in and, to my unbounded surprise, in less than two weeks I was like another person. All of my old troubles are now gone and I am a strong, healthy, living example of the wonderful rebuilding power of Postum. It is a fine drink as well as a delicious beverage, and I know it will correct all coffee ills! I know what a splendid effect it had on me to give up coffee and drink Postum." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

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to say, there is but one noun to express it, one verb to give it life, one adjective to qualify it. Above all, he held him back from premature publication. For seven years Maupassant served his apprenticeship, writing verses, stories, novels, even a "delectable drama," all of which were first submitted to the master and then committed to the flames. Small wonder then that when Maupassant made his debut he dazzled the public like a Minerva sprung full-armed from the head of Jupiter. Small wonder, either, that he acknowledged throughout his life the lasting debt he owed his teacher.

"Maupassant has sometimes been described as carrying the art of Flaubert to its highest pitch of perfection, but this is a most uncritical view. We can only regard Maupassant as surpassing his master when we place the technical skill of such performers as Sarasate and Rosenthal above the creative genius of Mozart and Beethoven. It is, after all, only the technique of an art that can be transmitted from master to pupil. Maupassant's vigorous talent and persevering study ended in giving him such a command of his master's methods that he attained with ease and swiftness effects that Flaubert accomplished only after long toil and agonizing effort. Yet Flaubert's four novels, produced at long intervals during a period of nearly thirty years, occupy a place in literature far above the twenty-seven volumes of Maupassant, turned out at an average rate of two or more a year."

As to the subject matter of many of his stories, Mr. Parrott reminds us that Maupassant found "a tradition of indecency ready made to his hand," and neither his temperament nor the circumstances of his life disposed him to break free from this tradition. But the writer goes on to say:

"It is not, I think, on the score of immorality that the permanent deductions from Maupassant's reputation will have to be made before his fame is secure, but rather on the ground that in consequence of his theory that in art the subject was nothing and the style was all, he too often squandered the resources of

his superb technique upon utterly trivial and unworthy subjects."

To quote again, on the subject of his limitations and characteristics as a writer:

"He was at bottom not a thinker, nor an analyst, but an observer; and when he quitted his own field, the transcription of observations and experiences, for a region where the main interest lay in the hidden causes of things, his powers failed him; he became diffuse, uncertain, and at times almost dull."

"His chief characteristics as a writer of short stories are, it seems to me, versatility in choice of subjects, clearness in presentation, an easy mastery of incident and character, and an almost unique power of isolating and individualizing his scenes and figures so as to make them, as it were, stand out from the canvas. He has a trick, for it is nothing more, of framing his stories in a setting which tends, usually by contrast, to bring out and heighten their effect. For instance, the gruesome story of 'La Mere Sauvage' gains in horror from its contrast to the dainty bit of nature worship which introduces it."

"The one dominant and persistent note in Maupassant's work is his pessimism. It comes like a cloud between the sun and the world of men, and straightway all man's deeds and dreams and desires grow dark and repulsive."



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Autumn Opening in Carpets, Curtains and Home-Furnishings

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But our claim for supremacy as Homefurnishers rests on more than the unrivalled values. Our collection of patterns and designs is really magnificent. It is the result of much work and careful research after the very choicest effects in color and materials. Everything in our stock has to measure up to our standard of beauty and quality.

If it's Carpets, the wearing quality is well looked after, consequently you are sure of getting good value. If it's Furniture, our manufacturers make the goods specially for us, and we accept nothing but the result of superior workmanship. In Curtains, Draperies, Wall Papers, and all Homefurnishings the same rule of excellence and quality is followed, so that to see the contents of this store is to receive an education in the art of making the home "A Place of Beauty."

MAMMOTH SALE OF LACE AND MUSLIN CURTAINS

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Husbands are Usually What Their Rich Wives Make Them.

A DIFFERENCE in glory there may be between the battle-scarred general and the society-scarred woman, but from the viewpoint of wisdom and manoeuvre, the glory of the one is no greater than the glory of the other—unless, perchance, there is a suspicion that the heavy artillery of the one must take the line back of the finesse and diplomacy of the other. For instance, what greater generalship than the theories advanced and practised by the well-known social warrior who recently gave to an evening newspaper the reasons why she married her very young daughter to the greatest eligible title in England a few years ago?

She is reported as saying that the American husband—particularly the one who selects a rich wife—is not as he is represented; that he expects his wife to sit down and admire him; that he lives "from New York to Newport and back again on her money," etc. She much prefers a "career" for her daughter; going to public functions, going to court, going to the laying of corner-stones, and having estates and tenants to think about. Incidentally, she mentions the children, and the fact that there is no time for mischief in this career. It is very military; no foolish sentiment. Some mothers would have been less stern warriors and actually considered the heart of a young girl of eighteen. They would have ruined the success of the social battle and of the career through remembering the tenderness in a girl who must have been conscious of every instinct of womanly nature at that age, instead of the bright, hard, yellow metal on which this mother primarily bases the career. They would have looked across the sea into the strange and foreign atmosphere, the glittering and cold court life, and there would have been a fearful yearning over the young girl who was to go out from the American home love and comradeship of chummy brothers; they would have sympathized with homesickness; they would have realized the strength of bonds human above bonds social; they would have foreseen the sad depths in the young eyes that others have seen since; they would have discovered trenches, intrenchments in eschelon, that could interfere with the ultimate success of the well-planned campaign. But this was one mother, one daughter. The career is there, for the gold has been received as an honored equivalent, and an honored position has been well held. No selfishness has ever marred the regal deportment of America's representative girl. If there was homesickness, no one has heard the cry. This good social general is right, and she is wrong. She is right in finding equivalents for gold that are full enough and substantial enough to ward off "mischief"—if mischief means "seeking for blossoms in other fields." She is wrong in thinking entirely of the unworthiness of the rich girl's American husband. This unworthiness is likely to be developed after marriage. The most trying wife in the world is the American woman who has "the money." It takes a king's crown or a ducal coronet to make her forget it. It takes colossal courage, or colossal weakness, for an American to walk into the position of a rich girl's husband.

That a rich girl is able to upset the harmony of the domestic circle more than a poor one seems incongruous; but so long as we in this country base marriages entirely on love and sentiment, just so long is the happiness going to slump on the least provocation. To base marriage on anything else but love and sentiment is heretical, of course, but as love and sentiment will after a while become absorbed in practicality and the American dollar in various ways, it were wiser at least to do as the husbands and wives across the sea and consider marriage also in the light of a business partnership.

When we have grown out of our swaddling clothes in this country, out of our infancy and provincialisms, out of our vulgarisms into the courtesies due to every intelligence, regardless of the stack or the lack of gold—when we recognize gold as a medium of convenience instead of a shrine at which to worship—then the American husband of a rich girl can have his chance to look up, and the rich wife can find happiness with something else besides "my carriage, my house, my servants, my money." The pity of it is that the conditions at present are such that the husband sinks below his own level as an American, and despises himself for his position until some kind of a break sends him headlong into a divorce or into the catalogue that has become so proverbially known as "the rich wife's husband."

He becomes, with her riches, either "a beggar on horseback," throwing her gold into his dissipations or pleasures, or he becomes cynical, sensitive and morose, without dignity or self-assertion enough to make her recognize the man she married.

The environment of the American woman is such that, to be the ideal wife, she should not be independent financially of her husband. In independence she can become unlovable. If she has the money, he certainly should have something which she considers of greater value—even the title that a lot of us affect to despise. Titles in themselves are trivial to us in a republic, but they are usually not held by the under-bred and are accompanied by characteristics that are certainly essential to happiness. A woman must respect a man who is thoroughbred, even though his purse is flat—a condition which necessarily shows the unvarnished man. When she is compelled to respect him, she forgets who has the money. One of the happiest marriages known socially in this country is that of a German nobleman who came here impoverished, with no resources for livelihood but his horsemanship. This proved sufficient. He became an instructor in a riding academy. Here he met a woman of wealth who recognized the man in the instructor. The acquaintance led to friendship and then to marriage. After the marriage he came into possession of his foreign estates and a wealth at least equal to, if not exceeding, hers. To-day the marriage is ideal. It is American in its comradeship, foreign in the extreme courtesy—each to the other—and a romance in evidence of the enjoyment there is in every hour of life.

The American—God bless him, of course!—under like circumstances would have had the clear manhood ruffled into a temperament that would have interfered with his own and all domestic happiness. He would have chafed under the restriction of his personal poverty; would have fretted at curtailed ambitions; would have seen visions of untold wealth with comparatively small amounts of "working capital"—which he would expect to be forthcoming from the exchequer of the wife; would have become discouraged at failure; would have been over-sensitive at real or fancied censure, and would have thought himself a sad victim of fate and a wealthy wife. Ten chances to one he would lose all self-respect and borrow right and left, to live up to the pace he set for himself—"temporary loan, you know"—until he would be so lost to position among men that it would be difficult even for him to climb up to the honest employment—enforced honesty—of a street car conductor.

Somehow the foreigner of noble birth faces the fact of poverty with much better grace than the American. He looks upon it as an inconvenience, but not a disgrace. He can come to this country and sell wine, give riding lessons, become a door-walker in a department store, or sell antiques or do anything that means a livelihood, without for a minute losing his mental poise or self-respect—that is, if he is of the sort known to many of us—and wait until he has earned his way to something better. The American, however, cannot come down gracefully. In his ambitions to do much, he becomes idle and does nothing but drift and talk of his bad luck. Somehow, he generally wears good clothes and manages to get on through continually making new acquaintances and quoting his relatives and connections with people of affairs.

But as for his living on his wife's money and spending it between "New York and Newport and back again," it does not last long. These managers go to pieces as easily as does the marriage of the American girl with one of the Latin race. The husband goes to war to "forget" or the wife goes to Europe to remember the misery at home. Both husband and wife get into "mischief" before the break comes—and I am not so sure that "mischief" can be entirely absent from the lives of all American girls who marry and are kept busy with estates and tenants. Human nature is about the same under all circumstances. When "mischief" does not come, then can come the look in the eyes which shows that life in some way is not quite complete.—The Widow in "Town Topics."

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About Woman Writers.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is known to the world chiefly as a novelist, yet one of the most active aspects of her life is her philanthropic work among the settlements of London. Especially is she interested in the raw material of young life that populate the congested slums of the East End, and the institution which lies nearest her heart and of which she is most proud is the Vacation School founded by her in Bloomsbury in conjunction with the Passmore Edwards Settlement in Tavistock Place. While the readers of England and America have been following with unabated interest the fortunes of Julie Le Breton in "Lady Rose's Daughter" during the summer months, the author has been quietly and unostentatiously pursuing her schemes for the amelioration and gladdening of the joyless lives of the children in the neighborhood of Bloomsbury.

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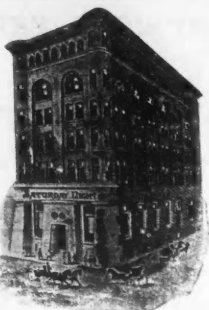
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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 16 TORONTO, CANADA, SEPT. 26, 1903. No. 46

The Drama

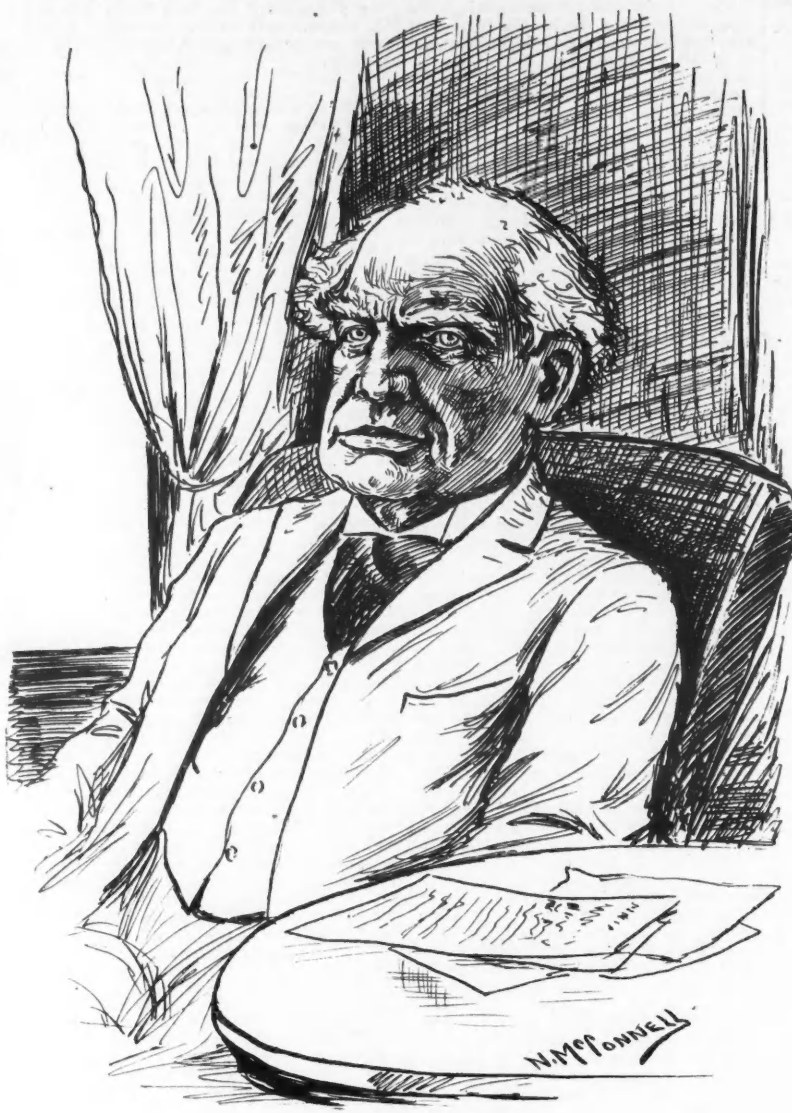
"THE OFFICE BOY" must hereafter wear a crown studded with originality and sparkling wit, and endeavor to follow the footsteps imprinted by that funniest of funny comedians, Mr. Frank Daniels, at the Princess this week. As Noah Little he soars to dizzy heights in his ambitions and has the temerity to fall in love with the daughter of a wealthy client of the firm by which he is employed. Ketcham and Cheatham, lawyers and most excellent business men, become exasperated by his unbounded energy and presumption, and finally Noah finds himself bereft of his post of honor. Nothing daunted, he keeps in touch with the times and succeeds in temporarily stepping into the shoes of his cousin, Rider Little, a famous jockey, and in that capacity "The Office Boy" palms himself off as an expert on the race course of Mr. Van Twiller, the father of the object of his affections, who reciprocates his fondness. He "bluffs" delightfully, and when hailed "King of Jockeys" he is simply absurd. Laden with garlands of roses bestowed by admiring damsels who revel in hero worship, his rubicund face lights up with a gleam of satisfaction and stupefaction combined, and he merely murmurs softly, in a questioning tone, "Is my face red?" with an accent on the "my." A few may recognize in Claire de Lune, the bright little soubrette, the same Miss Eva Tanguay who three years ago sang those charming little Scotch ballads at Shea's. It was then she was taken up by Mr. Frank Perley, who afterwards placed her as a prima donna in the world of drama, and with whom she entered into a five years' engagement. Mr. Perley, however, this season has allowed Mr. Daniels the privilege of having her to grace his new musical comedy, and in "The Office Boy" she is given plenty of scope in which to play her charms. Miss Louise Gunning as Euphemia is extremely attractive. 'Twas she, by the way, who sang "Speak Low" and won a name for herself in "Mr. Pickwick" last year. Mr. Daniels' speeches are certainly unique—as clever as they are funny. He wanders off in an eloquent strain, quite beyond the pale of ordinary mortals; then suddenly words fail him and he lands again on terra firma and again there's a distant echo of "Is my face red?" or something equally appropriate. There are lovely girls galore (with gallants in attendance), and their dainty gowns, to which originality and dim lights lend a charm, suit them admirably. The dances and music are pretty and light. Two new songs, written specially for Mr. Daniels, are very good. One, "I'm on the Water Wagon Now," a temperance lyric, is, as sung by him at any rate, simply a treat, and is bound to become popular. Altogether "The Office Boy" is entertaining and we hope Mr. Sheppard of the Princess has something else equally new and bright in store for us.

The Grand has been graced by splendid audiences this week, the result of the announcement that that venerable actor, Mr. J. H. Stoddard, would once more appear in "The Bonnie Brier Bush." Of the pretty drama, so well known to the majority of people, it is scarcely necessary to speak in detail; suffice it to say that it was well put on and every role done justice to. Mr. Stoddard as Lachlan Campbell and Miss Mabel Brownell as Flora, his daughter, were perfection. A Toronto audience is an appreciative and sympathetic one, and it must be confessed that the parting of father and daughter called forth the shedding of some tears, which, however, were at once forgotten when Mr. Reuben Fox as Archibald McKittick appeared caressing his whiskey flask, or when Tammas Mitchell greeted Annie with his everlasting "Will ye hae me?" The scenery is beautiful, so realistic that one can almost see the Scottish glen at twilight and drink in the heather-scented air while listening to the soft, sweet strains of "Annie Laurie" and "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

Masters John and Will Foley, who appear with George Primrose at Shea's this week, may consider themselves indeed fortunate in having thus an enviable chance to become accepted members of the top-notchers of minstrelsy, for with George to introduce them they will be given a boost into popularity seldom afforded in this profession of ups and downs. Mr. Primrose's \$1,000 turn consists only of a song and dance, assisted by the boys, who, under George's tuition, are masters of the double clog. Emma Carus, who bills herself the New York favorite, is the possessor of a female baritone if ever there was one. She scores several hits and fully deserves them. The little coon prodigy who tunelessly echoes the choruses is a novelty indeed. Goleman's marvelous dogs and cats are here, and their sagacious exhibition is pleasing and astonishing. George Davis is again on the bill with the same old story. George must change his gags very soon now. The interested listener on Monday evening had the misfortune to be seated directly in front of a maiden who had seen George and heard his jokes before; in fact, so familiar was she with the point of each that the poor girl couldn't resist advising every one within a radius of seventy-five feet long before Mr. Davis had time to get it out. Moral, "Don't wear a gag out; it might come in handy." The wandering minstrels, Adamini and Taylor, have exceptionally good voices, the lady especially. Her bell-like high notes are of sterling quality. Sloan and Wallace's sketch, "The Plumber," is a clever and humorous affair. Prince Kokin, the Oriental with the sarcastic smile, is a fair representative of Japanese perfection in physical skill and dexterity. The burglar picture on the kinetograph is out of the ordinary and highly interesting. The programmes of the past two weeks are certainly an improvement on those generally offered.

The curiosity in dramatic and literary circles as to the authorship of the English version of Paul Heyse's powerful play, "Mary of Magdala," in which Mrs. Fiske won the greatest success of her career last season, in which she is now appearing again at the Manhattan Theater, New York, and in which she will be seen during her long tour of the country soon to be entered upon, was satisfied on Mrs. Fiske's reappearance in the play at the Manhattan. The programme of the theater for the first time disclosed the secret, and announced as the author Mr. William Winter, the dean of New York critics, and known for his literary works wherever the English language is spoken. The turning of the prose of Paul Heyse into the beautiful, poetic and sonorous verse that marks the English form of "Mary of Magdala," was an achievement, and the interest that has been expressed on all sides as to the identity of the scholar and poet who did it was natural. The announcement of Mr. Winter's name as the author has caused considerable surprise, for although in the conjectures as to who the adapter might be the names of many well-known men of letters were mentioned, his had not been suggested in this connection. Not more than half a dozen persons aside

TORONTO'S FAVORITE ACTOR.



The veteran J. H. Stoddard.

Drawn from life by N. McConnell by special permission of Mr. Stoddard.

from Mr. and Mrs. Fiske were in the secret, the keeping of which for so long a period has been contrary to usage in such matters. When arrangements were made by Mr. Fiske for the publication of "Mary of Magdala" in book form, Mr. Winter was persuaded to permit the use of his name on the title page. The praise that the lofty and scholarly verse of "Mary of Magdala" has received as an anonymous work was the best possible testimony to the play's right to rank among English masterpieces. Mr. Winter's work in it even adds to its reputation as the author of "Shakespeare's England," "Wanderers," "Old Shrines and Ivy," "Brown Heath and Bluebells," and the numerous other works that attest his genius. "Mary of Magdala" was published in book form simultaneously with Mrs. Fiske's reappearance in New York in the play.

Mr. E. S. Williamson has left on a holiday trip to the Pacific coast. He will give his illustrated talk, "An Evening with Dickens," at points en route. Mr. Arthur J. Reading accompanies Mr. Williamson in charge of the stereoscope.

Wilfred Clarke & Co. head the bill at Shea's Theater next week in the most laughable comedy sketch of the season, entitled "In the Biograph." Frank Bush, monologist, will make his first bow to a Toronto audience. Cole and Johnson, Prelle's talking dogs, Bruno and Russell, La Petite Adelaide and others will be on the bill.

Reuben Hears the Coldstream Guards.

TALK about yer Twelfth of July picnics, with the Jonesville brass band wearin' tiger lilies in their caps! They don't begin to be in it with Massey Hall and the fellows they call Coldstreams, though why the King should give those good-lookin' chaps in the scarlet and gold such a frozen-out name, something like Nelly Second's, and it's the Latin for "Can't be beat." The way they stood up and gave us "God Save the King" and "The Maple Leaf" warmed us up from the start, and when they swung into a thing with a Dutch name by Wagner we was ready to listen to anything. Many a time I've seen jokes in the Hamilton papers on that man Wagner—but, pshaw! Hamilton don't know a thing about music. That march was as good a thing as I ever heard, and even Susie, who writes such rattlin' good airs, needn't have been ashamed of it. I'll listen to Wagner any time—if those same fellows'll play him. Then they gave us a jim-dandy by that same Susie, "Whistlin' Rufus," that was enough to set a prayer-meetin' by the ears. "Rag-time," a man called it, but it was mighty good pags they made it out of. Then there was an "Ave Maria," with a cornet solo in it. The name looked kind of Catholic, but the music was Protestant all right, and they made them do it over again with "The Lost Chord." It must have been a pretty fine chord the organist lost, if it was better than any we heard. The third on the programme was far and away the best thing I ever heard on this earth—and I wish the whole of Jonesville could have been right there in that hall. It was by a Russian and you'd have to be drunker than I've been yet to get his name right. It was telling all about how the French had to get out of Moscow in a hurry in 1812, and when it came to the last, with the church bells chimin' and the people shoutin' and the hymn comin' solemn through it all, I declare to goodness I didn't know whether I was in Toronto or Heaven. But I made up my mind it was Toronto, for the people were selfish enough to make them do the last part over again. Then there was something called a "Rhapsodie," which was slow and creepy at the first. But at the last that band fairly chased itself and ended with a bang that clean lifted me up. There was a "Dance of the Dervishes" that was the queerest thing you could think of, outside a lunatic asylum. Those heathen creatures were squealing in the best parts of the music, and if they're out in the Sudan, excuse me from livin' next door. There was a Canadian girl in a white dress who sang some bloomin' French piece that was all right, so far as the tune went, but I haven't a notion of one of the words. Of course they brought her back, and she just went to the piano, as simple as could be, all by herself, and played and sang something about eyes and wine. It was real catchy and sweet, and was enough to make a W.C.T.U. man break the pledge. Then I saw just why Toronto is called Hogtown and other fabulous names. They wanted her to sing another piece right then and there. But she wasn't goin' to give them any more, and I'm blessed if I didn't like her spunk. She just bowed and bowed, and was polite as you please about it. There was three dances from Henry VIII, and I was surprised to hear anything so kind and tender from Henry, for I never knew he had time to write such innocent, amusin' stuff. I had an idea that he was always takin' a day off to kill his wife. But I could have given him points about the "Shepherd's Dance." No man could look after sheep in any kind of way and keep up a jig like that. It just shows that Henry had no business goin' out of his line of work.

But the last piece was just the most stirrin' thing that ever happened in that old town. It was the finest music that ever told you what country you belonged to. First there was a long part tellin' about all the things a camp's supposed to do, and then didn't the Toronto bands come marchin' along playing their own airs, and doing mighty good work, considerin' the chaps they were up against. English and Irish and Welsh they played—but give me those chaps in the kilts with

the white shoes. Their "Highland Laddie" would make a person want to dance and would put fight into the meekest Quaker that ever turned the other cheek. Didn't I feel proud of them boys that was our very own and had shown that they could hold their own out in South Africa when they made old Paul Kroejer climb down and out! I began to remember that my great-grandfather had been in the war of 1812 and that Cousin Frank Johnson has the old musket, and I thought of the text about the sword bein' cut up and put together into ploughshares. But in them old days in Canada the sword and the ploughshare often went together. Anyway, it was great, to see those big red-coated Englishmen in the middle with Canadian regimental bands to right and left of them—kind of protectin' them as it were. I just thought of how I'd been tryin' to read the papers and make out what the trouble was in politics. I had heard talk all day about Cabinets bein' busted and Balfour and Laurier havin' troubles of their own, to say nothin' about Ontario and G. W. Ross. But I just looked up at those blessed bands all a-playin' "God Save the King" together, and I says to myself, "Well, I'd rather be the leader of those Coldstreams than be the biggest politician that ever wasn't found out." "Rule Britannia" was all right to the finish, though I always feel a bit queer about rulin' the waves, fur I was most awful sick the time I crossed to Niagara. But I daresay the men in the navy get used to the motion of the boat and don't mind it any more than I do a frisky colt.

But the leader of that band wasn't goin' to get off so easy. They just yelled at him until he stood up like a man and made a speech. He told us how much he thought of us and what a fine country Canada has grown to be, and bein' an Englishman, he found it uncasy to express his feelin's, and said he'd rather play another piece than make a speech. So the crowd took him at his word, and didn't they break out with "Auld Lang Syne" and play it as well as if they hadn't been playin' all night. Then we had another spell at "God Save the King," which is an old favorite with all of us. We gave another good cheer for the band and its leader, and then was the fight for the cars.

Ben's Return.

When wife an' I are restin', of an evenin' after tea,
Most generally the talkin' turns on Ben who went to sea;
An' often in the night time, when wife thinks I'm sound asleep,
There's a prayer goin' up to Heaven, 'bout our boy upon the deep.

We've been watchin' and a-prayin', both mornin', noon an' night,
An' all the time a-trustin' in the Lord to bring things right,
Fer somehow or another, there's somethin' seems to say,
He's sure to bring Ben back agin afore we're laid away.

There's the good book over yonder, its pages stained with tears,
It's full of hope an' comfort for our declinin' years,
Cos' it tells us 'bout the Saviour a-watchin' o'er our boy,
An' if we never meet on earth, 'bout 'ow we'll meet on high.

Ye see yon coat, there, stranger, a-hangin' on the wall?
Ben allus used to wear it, what somethin' in the fall,
It's only farmer's cloth, what most folks call home-spun,
Wife says as 'ow she'll leave it there, till some day Ben'll come.

An' here's his pictur', too, that's 'ow he uster look!
A likely sort o' chap he was, the time when it was took;
'Bout twenty then, or thereabouts, I can't exactly say,
With curly hair, jes' like yer own, an' pretty much yer way.

There's somethin', too, about yer look, reminds me of our boy,
Praps it's in yer talkin', or the color of yer eye?
But tell us, ain't yer seen him, in yer travels up an' down
In the cities an' villages, or in some seaside town?

Say, stranger, what's the matter? Ye're lookin' kind o' queer;
Don't keep it back, but tell us, praps the Lord has sent ye here,
Fer somehow I've been thinkin' you've news about our Ben,
So draw yer chair up closer, an' tell us all ye ken.

Look, wife! he's cryin' now, as if his heart would break,
Thank God for all His goodness! there can't be no mistake!
He's come at last, I'm sure it's him, our boy is home again,
Don't weep no more, it's all forgiven; say, stranger, you're our Ben!

T. M. HUMBLE.

Don't object that your duties are so insignificant; they are to be reckoned of infinite significance, and alone important to you. Were it but the perfect regulation of your apartment, the sorting away of your clothes and trinkets, the arranging of your papers, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do with all thy might, and all thy worth and constancy."—Carlyle.

Cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—Addison.

Lawn-Bowling.

At the meeting of the Ontario Bowling Association, held last week at the King Edward Hotel, the matter of sending a representative team of say five or six rinks to England and Scotland was discussed. Communications were read from the Imperial Lawn Bowling Association, of which the Earl of Jersey is president; also from the Scottish Bowling Association, intimating that visiting Canadian bowlers would be assured of a hearty welcome. A committee was appointed to ascertain the probable cost of the trip, the number of bowlers likely to go, etc., and to report to a future meeting of the executive.

The season is rapidly drawing to a close, and will receive its quietus in the match East vs. West, to take place October 10th next.

During the past week several friendly matches were participated in, the R.C.Y.C. concluding their season with a four-rink game against the Victorias, the latter winning by 120 to 103. The Thistles defeated the Queen City 136 to 120, and Balmly Beach won from Grimsby Park 86 to 70. New Toronto took Weston into camp by 1 shot, 33 to 32. A very interesting game was played at Brantford, three rinks of Lorne Park visiting that city, and the locals lost, 75 to 48. The Telephone City entertained their visitors royally. A pleasing incident of the trip was the presentation to Major J. G. Langton, A.S.C., the secretary of the Lorne Park Club, of a handsome pipe, with 18 karat gold mounting, accompanied by the heartiest expressions of appreciation and good wishes from all the members.

It is mooted that the next Dominion bowling tournament must seek pastures new, as the R.C.Y.C. will not permit its being held on their lawn, owing, it is stated, to the inconvenience the sailing members of the club are put to by the bowlers monopolizing the club premises for that week. Such being the case, the question arises, Where will it be held? The Ontario Bowling Association will again hold forth at the "Queen's Royal" on July 6th, 1904. It is to be hoped that the idea of creating a large bowling lawn at the Woodbine will become a fact, for no more ideal place could be found—easy of access, with all facilities, a natural outlook, pleasant surroundings, and plenty of room, which our city lawns badly lack.

It is with pleasure I note that such an ardent bowler as Mr. R. L. Patterson has constructed a beautiful lawn at the handsome residence, Tordmorden, and has instituted an annual match between the Granites and the R.C.Y.C. Many bowlers not members of either of these clubs would like to test the quality of Mr. Patterson's green, and perhaps he might be persuaded to vary the monotony a little by inviting some members of other clubs to a friendly competition.

LUNA.

The "Most Beautiful Church in America."

The accompanying illustration shows the front of the recently completed Leland Stanford Memorial Church at Palo Alto, California. This beautiful building stands on the campus of the Stanford University, and is regarded as a unique example of church architecture. Writing of it in the "Christian Endeavor World," Mr. J. L. Harbour says:

"It has required four years of constant work to erect the church Mrs. Stanford has built to the memory of her husband. The most skilled architects in California, the most skilled



THE LELAND STANFORD MEMORIAL CHURCH, PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA.

The picture occupying the upper portion of the facade represents the Ascension. The two medallions are conventional pieces representing allegorical figures in classical style. The whole is in mosaic and was made in Italy.

decorative artists in both America and Europe, and the most notable sculptors and workers in mosaics in Italy have been called upon to help erect and embellish this beautiful temple of worship. Mrs. Stanford has chosen to keep the cost of the church a secret, but it is certain that it has cost at least six hundred thousand dollars. The carvings, the marble statuary, and the exquisitely beautiful stained glass windows representing John, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, David, Elias, Moses, Samuel and Isaiah, represent a great outlay, and are the finest in the world. The ceiling of the church is seventy feet above the floor, which is of the richest Moorish tiling. There are forty-seven stained glass windows, and a great many beautifully carved arches and columns. It is said that the cost of the mosaic decorations in the church has been about one hundred thousand dollars. Of course the plans for the music in a church like this have been carefully considered, and there is in the church one of the finest organs in the world, and there are seats in the choir-loft for one hundred and fifty singers. The organ has three thousand pipes and forty-six stops, and it has the most beautiful front ever placed on an organ. The pulpit is of richly carved stone, and the altar is a block of Carrara marble upon the face of which has been carved a bas-relief of Rubens' "The Entombment." There is back of the altar a wonderful representation of the "Last Supper" in rich mosaics, which is a copy of the original in the Sistine Chapel at Rome.

In brief, the Leland Stanford Memorial Church is believed to be the "most beautiful church in America," while some go so far as to say that there is not a more artistically beautiful church building in the world.

The Honesty of Women.

It has long been an axiom, in cases of men who default, forge, abscond, or embezzle large sums, "Cherchez la femme." The expert takes for granted that a woman is always behind such dishonesties. Yet it would seem that a man excuses himself, in these cases, at the expense of woman, as Father Adam did in the Garden; for it is a conspicuous fact that woman, when employed in business affairs herself, is strikingly honest. Women bookkeepers do not embezzle; women as merchants pay their debts promptly; women as Treasury clerks are known for their integrity. The boarding-house keepers, themselves generally women, testify that their losses almost invariably come from male boarders, while those of their own sex are to be depended upon for regular payments. Woman, left to herself, is thus found to be more honest than man. In coming into the commercial world, she brings to it a high standard of personal honesty. It is to this quality that she owes part of her rapid advancement into the places which formerly were occupied by men alone. She is economical and careful of her employer's interests, too, and is not slow to recognize her value in this respect. Whatever the drawbacks of feminine labor—and they are many—woman's instinctive honesty is an important factor in redressing the balance and inclining the market in her favor. If woman is thus honest in herself, why does man excuse himself by accusing her of making him dishonest? It is safe to say in many cases a woman is extravagant simply because she has no idea whatever of her husband's business affairs, nor of the value of money. It has happened more than once that a woman whose "extravagance has been the ruin of her husband" has supported herself and her children after the crash, and done it honestly and economically. Of course, there are dishonest women in the world; but if there is one fact proved by the entrance of women into modern business, it is that their personal honesty is at a premium, and that man lags behind their standard.—Harper's Bazar.

With the Ruck to the Derby.

WE pushed our way through the crowd towards the course, and for the first time began to feel the necessity for a guide. One was at our elbow in a moment.

"Race-card, gents?"

"How much?" said H., feeling in his pockets.

"A shilling to you, gents; they've 'arf a crown. This is the last I 'ave; so 'aving made my profit, I can afford to let you 'ave it cheap," and the dilapidated vagabond passed a dirty piece of pasteboard over to us. H. counted him out three coppers.

"Lor, sir, I couldn't let you 'ave it for that; I should 'ave the Trades Union on to me. Make it another penny, and I'll mark all the winners for you."

We threw him the copper and passed on. Already the course was clear, and the candidates for the second race forming up at the five-furlong post.

A walk down the Epsom course between races on Derby Day is perhaps the most interesting experience to be found upon any race-course in the world. On either hand is gathered a heterogeneous chivalry of vehicles which, that morning, have made their way from London. On the one side the stately coach, interlarded with gaily caparisoned char-a-bancs; on the other a veritable sea of chariots—omnibuses, drags, buggies, butchers' carts, and coster's shays. But that is nothing to the array and armament of the betting faculty. They have opened batteries of every size, shape and calibre. As far as eye can reach above the mass of seething crowd these batteries rise tier after tier. And what is more, they all seem to be in action. The more appalling the odds, the fiercer swells the din of battle.

Was there ever such a cosmopolitan area as the green turf of the Epsom track on Derby Day? Here we pass a group of charming ladies, in the clothing of whose dainty persons the price of at least a plater has been expended. They belong to the gay world which makes Ascot and Henley so bright and picturesque. Next, and almost rubbing shoulders with them, we find four of the most forbidding touts that Bethnal Green could produce and Epsom attract. Here a party from Suburbia, dowdy perhaps in dress, yet honest in their intention to make Epsom the most delightful picnic of the year. And so you pass on, to find rich and poor of both sexes moving as it were hand in hand. Within the narrow corral of the Epsom rails the law-abiding citizen and the habitual criminal, the honorable man and the knave, the innocent and wicked, the dissolute and pure. All with their minds fixed on one common object—to turn this form of national pastime, as best within them lies, to their own personal advantage. Marvelous sight, extraordinary gathering!

"Take a good cooler!" The Italian ice cream vendor is doing a roaring trade. A few steps farther along men of Gaelic coloring have attracted a knot of delighted holiday makers to witness the sinuous contortions of the sword dance in rhythm to the skirl of the pipes. Then our way is blocked by a still greater crowd. "The Mammoth Tipster of the World" is holding forth. Quaintly attired, jockey above and gamekeeper below, the tipster rattles off to the admiring crowd his stock-in-trade patter. It delights them, it keeps them in good humor, and even makes them laugh. We catch a fragment, therefore, if you have not backed a winner, my advice to you is to back the horse which runs second for a place." This tickles the crowd. They applaud the cryptic humor in the speech, and we pass on nearer to the domain of the Jockey Club.

"Shall we expend a guinea and seek entrance to a fashionable enclosure?"

"No, we are not well enough dressed. Our straw hats and flannels have not the guinea hall-mark upon them. Besides, we are of the great unknown!"

So we turn to the nearest enclosure, which seems less crowded than the majority. For an expenditure of fifteen shillings between us they grant us admission. We find our selves in a respectable if not high-class society. The majority of our fellow prisoners behind the bars are lunching. There is the simplest kind of lunch which can be conveniently carried in the pocket—hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches. But a dishevelled ruffian is determined that none shall starve for want of enterprise on his part. "Lobster and bread, a 'bob!" he shouts, and displays his wares. He has a greasy carpet-bag full of small obsters, freely intermingled with chunks of bread. These he cheerfully barter at his tariff price. Providence alone can know the far-reaching effects of his "Lobster Trust."

Then the saddling bell rings. Our attention at once returns to the real business of the day. They are clearing the course for the Derby. If there is any one circumstance attendant upon Epsom meeting more wonderful than another, it is the manner of the clearing of the course. As has been shown the turf between the rails is crowded with the merry holiday throng. The crowd includes hawkers selling food, race cards, and even pencils. Dealers in oranges and ice creams. Open air variety artists, the daintiest of ladies, and the roughest of ruffians. Out from the openings in the rails file lines of blue-coated policemen. Right turn—and the extended lines are passing up and down the course. They are few, the crowd is dense. But it disappears before them. It is an object lesson. That crowd is such that if it willed otherwise the police could be swept before it as corks upon a wave. But whatever his class, whatever his understanding, the Englishman will not spoil sport; and with good-natured bantering, and without the slightest show of force, the crowd disappears, as if by magic, before the thin blue line. In five minutes it is clear, and the space that was so animated stands out like a great emerald bar-sinister across a sable shield.

The "turf accountants" are bracing themselves for the piece de resistance of the day. "It is just picking money up to back Rock Sand!" the knowing people tell you; but there is a Royal entry. An impression seems to have taken hold of our section of the betting public that the King, who they tell us is present away in yonder lofty stand or in the paddock, is destined to win his third Derby stake. The wish is father to the thought, and before long the crowd, the skill and reputation of trainers is nothing in the minds of the casual race-goer. Loyalty is responsible for many a sovereign and half-sovereign bet during the last quarter of an hour, and you hear men saying that they would not mind how much they lost if they could hope to see another Royal win.

The course is now clear, and all is expectancy for the parade of the Derby field. It is a small field, as only seven names are on the card. We in our cheap enclosure have a mild excitement while the elite are thronging the paddock. Here they come—one, two, three, four, five, six tall lean thoroughbreds, their long tails swinging in unison as they pick their graceful way with catlike steps across the springy turf. The favorite is in front, and as the eager gaze of hundreds centers upon him, they find that reassurance which sends many of them back to the bookmaker. They have turned, and are cantering past the grand stand; then they turn again, the crowd divides, and the favorite disappears into it on their way to the post. In the meantime the steady hum of renewed business spreads over the Derby crowd. A ten minutes' wait, and the white signal flag of the starter gleams out above the heads of the hundreds who have collected to see the start.

A great silence seems to pervade the course, broken, it is true, by the comment of the bookmakers. But much of the noise and bustle is stilled—it is a silence by comparison. Thousands of eyes are fixed on that little square of fluttering white on the far side of the hill. Will it never fall! Who is the culprit?—Aeolus, the unsatisfactory American, who never appeared in the parade! Then the white disappears, and before the bell tolls out even the murmur swells up. "They're off!" They disappear behind the brow of the hill, with its skyline of booths and luncheon canvas, and the crowd which had witnessed the start comes tumbling back, in the hope that it may see something of the finish. The murmur dies away, and it is in comparative silence again that every eye is strained to the point where they will appear on the sky line. A few seconds of suspense, "Here they come!" The murmur again, as a bunch of extended horses sweeps into sight. They all seem to be racing abreast. The proverbial sheet would have covered them. Then those with field glasses pick out the colors; a horse has been driven into the van. "Mead's in front!" A tremor goes through the hearers. The superstitions are right, then—we are going to have a repetition of the scenes which marked the Royal win with Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee! But those who have a better judgment ally the popular excitement. "Rock Sand is going strong." They are at the five furlongs now, and the colors of the favorite are drawn up to those of the King. In a moment they will disappear, to reappear round Tattenham Corner. Even though we face the race is already won, the excitement is breathless. "Ten to one, bar one!" comes a raucous cry behind us. One "Turf Accountant" at least is satisfied that the favorite wins. "Here they come." The leaders sweep into the straight. As they gallop against that dense background of crowd they look small and insignificant. The favorite is inside, and—leading. The murmur swells to a roar. They have reached the distance! What a picture!—what a thunder



TRYING TO CATCH THE OTHER FELLOW.

A Parliamentary revolution which has been going on for nearly eight months at Ottawa.

of applause! They are passing us now. The favorite hugs the rails. Maher wins sitting still. What is this? The great bay is going through them. The French horse is making its effort. Vinicius! Vinicius wins! The bay indeed has come with a wet sail; he has left Mead, Rabelais and Flotsam behind; but Maher never moves, and amid a vast tumult of human shouting the numbers go up.

The favorite has won the Derby.—L. J.
(The Derby Stakes, 1903.—Rock Sand, 1; Vinicius, 2; Flotsam, 3.)

The Aroma of Autumn.

IN spite of the gentlemanly consideration which the clerk of the weather showed the directors of the Exhibition, there are indications that autumn is upon us and that it is time for the sweet summer girl to put away her shirt waists of lawn and her wide-brimmed hats and seek the spot where her fur repose, breathing of moth camphor and skating parties. Even though some recent temperatures were such as to make the perspiring citizen shake his fist at the calendar and vow that it was uttering falsehoods concerning the month, even though we sighed in vain for the cool shores of Lake Joseph and Georgian Bay, where we had shivered through the chill days of August, the odors that are abroad told us, more than a week since, that the season of mellow fruitfulness has set in with its usual ripeness.

In the highways and byways of Toronto, yea, even in the aristocratic vicinity of Queen's Park and St. George street, the spicy breezes that blow soft from the kitchens where tomato catsup is being manufactured, tell us that the lazy delights of midsummer have assuredly fled, and that the housewife is preparing for the dinners that are to be. It matters not whether you go to Rosedale or Parkdale, to Eglinton or "over the Don," the scent of tomato catsup pursues you still and makes you hungry for broiled steak or chops.

It is somewhat surprising that romantic writers have said so little about the fragrance of vegetables. What can be more stimulating than the tomato, when it is combined with cinnamon and cloves and whatever stuff they put in the savory mixture that goes with the chops? And is there anything more clinging than the perfume that is breathed from the silvery lips of the onion? We have really not done justice to these humble friends and no doubt there will be a writer of the future who will yet discourse to us of "Garden Vegetables I Have Known."

The tomato usually holds sway in the morning. The afternoon hours bring us the fragrance of peaches and grapes, and we know that the products of Grimsby and Niagara have been sliced into tempting juicy halves and quarters and are even now being preserved and pickled. Some one has said that the nose has an excellent memory. To many of us, the odor of the autumn fruit brings back the days when we insisted on being in the kitchen and watching the manufacture of jam and preserves, even though we ran the risk of an encounter with the boiling juice. The only way to get rid of us was to present us with a saucer of fruit, fresh from the preserving-kettle. Then would we repair to the kitchen steps and dip large slices of home-made bread in the sweet hot liquor, while the neighbor children looked in envy from the fence.

But it is away beyond the city that we get the true aroma of autumn. Out where the soft blue haze lies on the water, we know that the clear days of June have gone and that this is just a waiting-time. And in the woods along the shore, the ground tells us that the leaves will soon be lying there, that their little summer of pride and greenness has departed. It is a good smell of earth that comes to us in these early days of the year's decay—the smell of the northern woodlands where health and strength and healing abide. And we realize that we people of Toronto are blessed indeed in that an hour will take us away from its toil and smoke to the bright, dreamy autumn woods where already the spirit of September has touched many a leaf with crimson.

CANADIAN.

No Danger.



Miss Oldchild—Little boy! Isn't it against the law to go in swimming there without a bathing suit?
Boy—Yes'm; but if yer wants ter come in yer kin dodge de op dead easy.—Judge.

In Passing.

WHEN will women learn to get off a street car properly? This question has been asked ten thousand times, and the question is as old as the temptation of Eve. It seems the most natural thing in the world for them to accomplish the feat backwards, or, rather, to attempt the accomplishment of it, and nine out of ten never fail in this particular respect; the wonder is that there are not more accidents—serious ones at that. Even before a car stops, a woman may walk to the door so gracefully one cannot help admiring her, but suddenly the effect is spoiled—she alights—instead of facing in the right direction, the front, she looks and steps back as if she had left something behind, and often gives the onlookers, whose nerves are sometimes delicate, a decidedly rude shock. The car gives a lurch, the passenger lands on the pavement with a thud, and sometimes a fall, gathers her skirts together, straightens her hat and walks off, trying to look indifferent, at the same time, perhaps, feeling very uncomfortable. But the lesson is almost invari-

A Son of Egypt.

IMET him first in the shimmering, moonlit silence of the desert, close to the massive pile of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh; a tall, dark shape which rose up silently from the black shadows at my feet, startling me by a sudden hand laid upon the head-ropes of my camel. The familiarity was resented by that supercilious beast with the strange, protesting groan of his kind, while I withdrew my fascinated gaze from the impenetrable Sphinx-mystery, and turned to investigate the Appearance. He stood at the camel's head, motionless as a bronze statue, graceful, dignified beyond European conception, as became one whose ancestry wandered back to the remotest ages of antiquity, his dark draperies falling in long, straight folds to his feet, a large white turban twisted about his erectly carried head. The Sphinx itself, looming up grandly in the background, brilliantly white and black in the strong moonlight, looked scarcely more mysterious than this descendant of its creators. I waited for the words of wisdom to fall from those dark lips, and with fathomless eyes raised to my face, he said, gravely:

"I will tell your fortune, lady," and instantly squatted down and began, with one long brown forefinger, to trace magic circles in the gleaming sand at our feet, and from those circles he proceeded to draw out the secrets of my Fate—presaging years of happiness and good fortune after days, already past, of doubt and difficulty. But the accomplishments of this son of Egypt were as varied as they were interesting. My future was no sooner settled to his satisfaction and my own, than he offered, for a ridiculously inadequate number of piastres, to perform the herculean labor of scaling the Pyramid in seven minutes; and when I declined to witness this feat, he begged to sing to me, "English song—'Daisy Bell.'" Ye shades of the Pharaohs! "Daisy Bell" on a night of full moon before the majesty and mystery of the Sphinx and the Pyramids! Alas! it is thus we have to take our Egypt to-day. Despite my imploring protests, he insisted; yet, as he chanted words of strange pronunciation, to a weird minor monotone that bore no resemblance whatever to the jingle of notes once to be heard on every barrel-organ, it did not jar upon me so horribly as it might have done. Many times after this, we met—and talked. "Daisy Bell," I learned, had been taught him by an American lady—presumably at a date when that ditty was at the height of its popularity—and had since been a source of considerable income to her enterprising pupil.

As our acquaintance ripened, we passed on to more intimate subjects, and he initiated me into various manners and customs of his people, and the ceremonies and demands of their religion. His ideas on the latter subject struck me as being singularly broad for a follower of the Prophet, so much so, in fact, that I could not help suspecting that they were formulated with a view to the approval (expressed in bakshish) of English and American tourists. "If a man good man, say his prayers five times a day, not tell lies, and give to the blind, I no think it matter if he believe the Mohammedan religion, or your religion," he would say, with gracious tolerance. "Me I give, though I poor; and in the summer, when no tourists here, and I not have money to give, if a blind man come to me, and we near my house, I take him, and give him bread to eat."

From beggars we wandered to wives—also a question of giving, the bride being practically bought by her husband, to whom, in her turn, she is expected to bring a suitable dowry. The actual ceremony, so far as I could gather, consists merely in the girl being brought to her sister's house. Up to this point neither of the contracting parties has seen the other, but now this is permitted. "And," said "Daisy Bell," "if I not like her, I send her home, and give back the money she bring me, and they give me back what I pay for her." "Voila tout!" He had himself made three attempts (again I fancy, his imagination was fired by my interest!) but the Fates had been unpropitious, and each time his bride had been scorned. One pities the humiliation of the poor little bride! So, being difficult to please, he lived as yet with his old mother, in the mud village that squatted under the shade of a few scattered palms, on the edge of the Great Desert—and if I would go to his house and drink coffee he would be very glad. Politeness, struggling with recollections of other native houses I had seen, resulted in my accepting the invitation, but constantly postponing the visit, until finally I left Egypt.

A month later, strolling along one of the narrow streets of Venice, I saw coming towards me a tall figure, whose flowing robes and dark, turbaned head attracted instant attention from the idle passers-by. As we met, he held out his hand with a kindly concubine, his fine eyes lighting up with a pleased recognition. How had he come to Venice? Oh, he was on his way to England with English gentlemen—Mr. Benton did I know him? He was taking him to England for a year. What was he going to do there? "I not know exactly—I ride all over England with him on his motor-car—he take me everywhere, to Paris first. No, I not like Venice much, too cold; and they sing here on that water—they call it the Grand Canal—every night; but when I ask them to sing 'Daisy Bell' they say they not know it at all." He spread out his hands, and shrugged his shoulders in pained disgust. "I shall be glad when I get to London, where they sing 'Daisy Bell.'"

I suppose he felt that the familiar ditty would be a connecting link between these strange new countries and the home he had left so far behind; his disappointment was evident when I explained to him that, mercifully, "Daisy Bell" was now a thing of the past.

And so I left him, puzzling over the evanescence of things Western—this visitor from the land that changes not. I wonder shall we meet again? Perchance, one day, a vision of a dark, turban-crowned head will flash by me on an English country road, in the whirling dust and evil smell of Mr. Benton's motor-car; perchance in the hurrying crowds of London I may catch sight of his long-robed graceful figure; or, better still, it may be that in the shadows of the towering Pyramids I shall once again find this courteous, self-contained Arab, and talking idly with him in the everlasting rest and silence of the great desert graveyard. I may for a brief moment forget that I belong to the restless, struggling races of the West, and believe that I, too, have only to wait to meditate my dignified way through existence, till, in my turn, I sink into the oblivion of the countless multitudes of dead around us and lay my bones in the dry and sandy warmth of the "mummy heap." What matter that they will be grubbed up again by the degrading fingers of hordes of tourists, intent on their search for mummy beads and "antikas"? They will have served my turn, and after that, no matter!

MORDEMLY.

To a Wife Out of Town.

Letters written one year apart, for five years.

MY Own Precious Darling Tootsey Wootsey—I am dying for you. I cannot live without you. This was a mistake for us ever to part. Do you feel the same? Oh, tell me you do. It seems only yesterday that we were on our honeymoon, and now life is a desert. If I could only clasp you in my arms! Ten thousand kisses with this. Your own passionate, longing Lovey Dovey.

My Darling Sweetheart—I cannot quite reconcile myself to these annual separations, but, of course, dear, I know it is all for the best. I am so lonesome without you, but I try to bear up. I wonder if you miss me as much as I do you. I feel that I am loving you more and more all the time, and long so much to clasp you in my arms. A thousand kisses with this. Your devoted George.

My Dearest Love—I am glad you are having such a good time, and note that you miss me. Well, sweetheart, I, too, miss you, but the days drag along somehow. It was awfully hot in town, but Jack and Jim and Henry are here and we manage to pass the time. I send a cheque with this. I never seem to know quite how much I love you until we are separated. A hundred kisses with this. Your devoted Hubby.

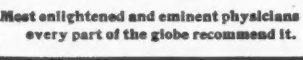
Dearest—I am writing this in a great hurry. Don't worry about me—you really mustn't. I'm all right. I have a slight headache this morning, but I feel sure it will pass away before noon. Stay as long as you like—now, won't you? But don't spend any more cash than you can help. I need it in my business. Well, dear, I must close, with a kiss. Yours always, George.

My Dear Wife—Yours received, and I note your request for more money. For heaven's sake, my dear, remember that I'm not J. P. Morgan. Where did you put those poker chips? I've looked for them everywhere. I'll bet you took them with you. Now, don't hurry back, and make this cheque last as long as possible. Kiss the kids for me. Yours, George.

Wasted No Time.

"The manager says he engaged the forty chorus girls twenty minutes." "Gracious, but he's quick at figure!" "Town Topics."

"The youth who does not look up will look down, and the spirit which does not soar is destined, perhaps, to grovel."



J. M. Tyrrell & Co.
8 King Street West

the girl he is engaged to. Neither of them is good enough for the other.


Griggs—What makes you think that?

"Well, I've been talking the matter over with both families."

For years I have cherished the idea of touring the pretty Eastern towns of Ontario, and a glimpse of them in the leafy garb, with their scores of pleasant homes and affable, rolling pastures closing them in on every side, with magnificent Lake Ontario just at hand, has so increased the wish to know their beauties and character. Now that I am in the land, I have had a lunch in Orillia, dined in Cobourg and slept at Lake Simcoe, the making acquaintance with the district accessible by such excellent roads is a trifling undertaking. Love glimpses of wood, water, pasture and grain fields, beautiful colorings of poplars, rose-striped and deep, ruddy autumnal shades, and the occasional painted crab apple trees, the blaze of tinted ash, orange of pumpkin, and cold green of cedar and spruce, ever without the occasional flash of indecent

Anxious.—I don't half like to take the responsibility of answering your letter, but I will do so as you request. Here goes. The study you enclose is not that of a truthful or honest person. It is what a person who is not a student of mine has compelled to urge you not to trust any important issue in his hands, but, judging from your own writing, I fancy he cannot be far from the truth. He has been over your own delineation of last month. I'll wager a new hat I told you you were too easily influenced. The enclosure is a specimen of the worst writing I have ever seen, excepting upon your weakness. Don't be a victim, now that your eyes are opening.

A.S.—This study, which is a private letter sent me for delineation, is not on



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100

making nately dowed with pri- an eng- being a any con- He h- but he ing arti- the "Di- editor c- by him- let. No- sessed o- ter in- in favo- He did- going o- with the Brumm- able to sidera- "Daily v- columns accepted- tribe he- He w- wrote, technical, ous by atoned by man- illustra- obscure- style— delicate- castic- of ind- to the- He k- know h- public, and a small- reader m- must g- something- some- thing- graphs lines. worth a catchw- economic- it was i- so it ev- whistled- Did not- man li- "Peace- How- fact in- ton's u- shallow, great p- lation of- It was- the mo- nine-day- ter one- Heming- of conv- at her- ton's, h- wished- Now, name, beauty, three y- propose- wise he- I have- letter, y- flattered- and of- what c- business- him. He a- that he- four o- House- He w- Lady B- I have- the mo- her han- she indi- ceeded w- news w- cuss with- "You- letter, as it did- fact is, ing you- on "Pro- to make- hope, p- the mo- I mag- gaged t- "I ha- answered the Ear- is it no- And a- at Lad- graceful- an unc- "Yes, slight- the op- posed, you kn- tive int- of Gree- election- Philip- "It v- "The R- "Quit- been do- say that affairs- care n- less, H- ence to- that, at- he fail- the bor- (to be- never render- chanced- pointed- heart, t- Sywell should on, "if I- sidering- what h- ering a- estates- and a-

An Election Tale

PHILIP MERTON was a young man entirely without private means or family influence, who was therefore dependent upon his own unaided efforts for making his way in the world. Fortunately for him, however, he was well endowed with brains, not overburdened with principles, had a plausible tongue, an engaging presence, and the gift of being able to make himself at home in any company.

He had been educated for the bar; but he had created some stir by a slashing article upon protection, written for the "Daily Courier," by request of the editor of that journal, and republished by him in the form of a political pamphlet. Not, mind you, that Merton possessed any special knowledge of the matter in hand, or any "settled convictions" in favor of any particular fiscal policy. He didn't care a button whether the country remained faithful to her steady-going old mate, Manchester, or eloped with the dashing and audacious young Brummagem. He was perfectly agreeable to espouse either side—for a consideration. And when the editor of the "Daily Courier" offered him £50 for five columns of diatribe against free trade, he accepted the terms, and penned the diatribe with the utmost alacrity.

It was good, telling stuff that he wrote, too. There was, indeed, little technical knowledge in it, and not much logic. Facts and figures were conspicuous by their absence. But these were atoned for by much persuasive sophistry, by many false analyses and deceptive illustrations (which were, in point of fact, obscuring), by a lively, trenchant style—now witty, now humorous, now delicately ironical, now venomously sarcastic—the whole presenting that form of indictment which most of all appeals to the popular mind.

The editor of the "Courier," you see, knew his man; and the man knew his public. Hard facts, dry statistics, close and accurate reasoning—these have small attractions for the average British reader of the halfpenny press. You must give him something picturesque, something dramatic, something that his imagination takes in without effort—something broken up into crisp paragraphs and distinguished by bold headlines. An ounce of cheap epigram is worth a pound of argument; one smart catchword has more effect than all the economic philosophy in the universe. As it was in the beginning, so it is now, and so it ever shall be. Was not King James whistled out of Ireland by "Lillibulero"? Did not a distinguished modern statesman live and die pre-eminent upon "Peace with honor"?

However, I am drifting away from the fact in hand—the fact that Philip Merton's unscrupulous, smart, persuasive, shallow, and specious pamphlet made a great popular hit, and ran into a circulation of several hundred thousand.

It was while he was at the height of the ephemeral fame produced by this nine-day success, that he received a letter one morning from Lady Beatrice Hemingway, asking him to call upon her, at her father's, the Duke of Wellington's, house in Grosvenor square, as she wished to see him on important business.

Now, Merton, of course, knew her by name, as everybody knew the famous beauty, who, from the time of her debut, three years before, had been the most proposed-to girl in society. But otherwise he was entirely unacquainted with her, and his feelings, upon reading her letter, were divided between a sense of flattered complacency at the invitation and of some considerable wonder as to what could possibly be the important business upon which she wished to see him.

He at once wrote, in reply, saying that he would call upon her next day at four o'clock p.m., and to Wallington House at that hour he went.

He was shown into the library, where Lady Beatrice was alone. She advanced towards him, smiling pleasantly, and in the most friendly manner offered him her hand. Then, having seated herself, she indicated an adjacent chair, and proceeded to unfold the nature of the business which she had invited him to discuss with her.

"You were, no doubt, surprised by my letter, Mr. Merton," she said, "coming as it did from a perfect stranger. The fact is, however, that I have been reading your uncommonly clever pamphlet on 'Protection v. Free Trade,' and I wish to make a suggestion to you which may, I hope, be mutually advantageous. You may, perhaps, have heard that I am engaged to be married?"

"I have seen the announcement," answered Philip. "To Viscount Sywell—the Earl of Wellington's eldest son, is it not?"

And he thought, as he said it, looking at Lady Beatrice's beautiful face and graceful form, that the Viscount was an uncommonly lucky man.

"Yes," she answered, with perhaps the slightest accession of color to her cheek, but otherwise perfectly cool and composed. "And Lord Sywell, as I dare say you know, is standing in the Conservative interest, for the Westleigh Division of Greenhire, at the forthcoming bye-election in that constituency."

Philip nodded.

"It will be a close thing," he said. "The Radicals are running a very strong candidate."

"Quite so," she assented. "I have been down lately canvassing. I can't say that I have found the condition of affairs at all satisfactory. You see, the truth is this, Mr. Merton. Lord Sywell cares nothing about politics, and knows less. He is standing merely out of deference to his father's wishes, and I think that, as far as his own personal feelings go, he would not be at all ill-pleased if he failed to get in. But Lord Wellington is entirely set upon it, and, well (to be quite candid), the Earl's temper, never angelic at any time, has been rendered extra vicious of recent years by chronic gout. So that if he is disappointed in this, the darling wish of his heart, there are sure to be ructions of an unpleasant character, which both Lord Sywell and I are, naturally, most anxious should be avoided. Of course, he won't, if my future husband were independent, it would not matter. But considering that he has no income except what his father allows him, and considering also that the bulk of the family estates are not entailed, you will understand the paramount importance of his humoring the Earl. There is no breath

of confidence in my telling you this. It is a matter of common knowledge. But I have dwelt upon the point, in order to make quite clear to you the position of affairs in which I desire your assistance."

"My assistance! Ah, then, you wish me to help Lord Sywell in his canvass?" enquired the flattered journalist.

"You have divined it. That is precisely what I do wish. But permit me to state the requirements of the case in a practical, business form. Lord Sywell is one of the best fellows alive. But his political knowledge is nil, and his oratorical powers not much greater. He needs an able, reliable, clever man—someone versed in the arts that appeal to the average British voter—to advise him, to coach him up in his speeches, to be always at his elbow during these three weeks that intervene between this and the election. Having read that eminently telling electioneering pamphlet of yours upon the question of the hour, I have formed the opinion that you are the very man for the purpose. And I have Lord Sywell's authority to offer you an engagement as—let us say—his private secretary for three weeks, at a remuneration of £400 and all expenses. If that amount is not satisfactory to you, please name your terms."

Now the money offered was so liberal, and the services required so entirely congenial, that Philip Merton at once made up his mind to accept. But he was too astute a man to cheapen himself by appearing to be over-eager, and he replied, with pretended hesitation:

"Does your ladyship want my answer now?"

"I do not wish to hurry you, if you would rather think about it," she replied. "But, as you can see, time is of importance. How soon can you let me have a definite reply?"

"To-morrow morning," said Philip.

"That will do—if I can be sure of it then."

"You may be quite sure of it. I will write by this evening's post."

He rose to take his departure. Lady Beatrice rose also, holding out her hand to him and smiling on him very sweetly. Perchance it was merely a business smile—having no other object than to stimulate him into accepting the engagement. (And if that was so, then Lord Sywell's prudence in employing his beautiful fiancée as an intermediary was unquestionable.) Or perhaps Lady Beatrice could not help smiling upon handsome, attractive men, such as Philip Merton conspicuously was. At any rate, it was a smile calculated to put any man upon whom it was bestowed in good conceit with himself. And our young journalist left Wallington House looking very well pleased.

That same evening he wrote to Lady Beatrice, accepting the offer which she had made him on behalf of Lord Sywell; and next morning the Viscount himself called upon Merton at his chambers in Gray's Inn.

His lordship was a strongly-built, athletic young man, with a good-tempered, sunburnt face and a genial manner.

"My name's Sywell," said he, as he introduced himself. "Lady Beatrice has sent me on your letter. I say, I'm awfully glad you can come and put me in the way of blarneying Hodge. I'm an awful dunder at that sort of game, you know. Always say the wrong thing, if left to myself. Lady Beatrice ain't bad, though. The way she hob-nobs with the mothers and dandles the babies is wonderful. But she don't know anything about fiscal policy. It's a spot beyond her. That's why we want you. I'm leaving for Wellington Towers by the three o'clock train this afternoon, from St. Pancras. Will it be convenient for you to accompany me?"

Philip Merton replied that it would be quite convenient, and he arranged to leave St. Pancras with Lord Sywell at the hour named.

On the journey his lordship was very chatty and confidential, making all sorts of naive confessions.

"You see, Mr. Merton," he said, in the course of his remarks, "it's not only my being such an infernal dunder. That don't matter so much in these confounded elections. At least, it can always be got over by picking some other Johnny's brains, as I'm going to pick yours. But I'm handicapped in other ways. I've been and put my foot in it with Sir James Arkwright, who's one of the largest landowners and most influential men in the constituency. It wasn't my fault. But the result's the same, and the old fool has turned sulky, and says he'll lift a finger to get me into Parliament."

"That's unlucky, certainly. But how have you managed to offend him?" enquired Philip.

"Well, it was this way," answered the communicative Viscount. "Sir James has an only daughter, named Queenie. Very nice girl, too; haven't a word to say against her. She and I have always been the best of friends. But somehow her papa (I suppose because the wish was father to the thought) got it into his head that our friendship was some thing more than it was. You see, his estates march with the governor's; and, no doubt, as far as that goes, if Queenie and I had made a match of it, it would have been very suitable and convenient, and all that. As a matter of fact, however, I'd never thought of Queenie in that light, nor, I am sure, had she of me. But Sir James must needs go and imagine a good understanding between us, and when my engagement to Lady Beatrice was announced, he flew into such a fury as never was—said I'd played fast and loose with his daughter's affections, and generally behaved like a sweep and a blackguard. We met one day in the road, and he told me this. In fact, he used such insulting language that I couldn't stand it, and I talked back to him—rather straight. After five minutes' mutual blasphemies, we parted. We have several times met, but we have not spoken since. Then, as if that wasn't enough, Joe Chamberlain goes and springs this confounded fiscal policy upon us; and if I go for what I've called 'anti-preferential' tariffs, I shall have all the laborers against me; and if I go for free trade, I shall have all the squires, parsons and farmers against me; and if I sit on the hedge and go for neither, both sides will heckle me at my meetings, till life will be simply not worth living. So, altogether, Mr. Merton, I've come to the conclusion that this parliamentary candidate business isn't much catch."

Just as his lordship reached this point the train slowed down for the station at which they had to alight.

When they reached Wellington Towers, they found that Lady Beatrice had already arrived. She, the Earl, Lord



Betty (anxious to air her knowledge of social amenities—to her mother's last remaining visitor, who shows no sign of leaving)—Must you weally go—"Punch."

Sywell and Philip Merton formed the entire party, which was not, nor was it intended to be, of a festive or social character. It was a gathering strictly for business—electioneering business. This formed the sole topic of conversation on the first night at dinner. The Earl was the chief speaker—like Socrates in the Platonic dialogue. Philip, while appearing to listen to his lordship, looked most of the time at Lady Beatrice. How lovely she was! How graceful! What a perfect dream of young womanhood! He was glad to feel that the labors of the election campaign were to be alleviated by the presence and companionship of so charming a damsel.

Next day work began in earnest. Lady Beatrice threw herself into it heart and soul. She was here, there, everywhere; now canvassing the voters, now visiting their wives and nursing their babies, now flying back to Wellington Towers, her pretty face full of importance, to communicate to the candidate, or his private secretary, some piece of intelligence, good or bad, that might demand a variation in the plan of campaign. Philip had many interviews with her—on election business. At least, it began that way; but alas! it did not end so. Mad love, suddenly conceived, has driven its victims to many mad deeds in its time—but surely to none madder than when it drove Lady Beatrice to cast everything to the winds, to play false to her betrothed, to deal him a crushing blow just in the very heat and stress of his electoral fight, and all for the sake of a young man in the position of Philip Merton. One morning, only a week before the election, the neighborhood woke up to the startling, the paralyzing news that Lady Beatrice had run away with the private secretary of her affianced lover, the Tory candidate. So here was a pretty scandal in a respectable constituency!

Mr. Colbrook, the Conservative agent, was at breakfast, discussing an egg, when the news reached him. He left the egg unfinished, and went fidgeting off on his motor-bike to Wellington Towers. He found the Earl nearly black with fury, stamping, raving, cursing like one possessed.

"I knew it would come to this," stormed his lordship. "I always said that a damned idiotic thing it was to introduce one of those blackguardly Grub street scribblers into our family affairs. Old as I am, I'll catch and horsewhip the scoundrel, if I have to follow him round the world to do it; and as for that woman—never mention her name in this house again, d'ye hear? She's as dead to me as if she'd eloped with a chimney-sweep, and dead, dead, dead!"

"You here! Come to offer me your damned condolences, I suppose. But I won't have 'em. Curse me, sir, I'm not going to be pitted, and my son's not going to be pitted, by the likes of you. Ah! Here he comes! Sywell, this impudent jackanapes has had the impudence to—"

"Nay, nay, my lord," expostulated the obsequious Mr. Colbrook. "I did but come to ask Lord Sywell whether, under the circumstances, he feels equal to attending the Exworth meeting to-night."

"Equal to it?" roared the Earl. "Of course he feels equal to it. Do you suppose that a man with my blood in his veins could be such a mongrel as to feel unequal to fulfilling his public engagements merely because a jade in petticoats has—"

"Steady on, father!" interrupted Lord Sywell, whose face, though very pale, was set and resolute. "Of course, I'm going through with this election; and all my meetings shall take place precisely as arranged. But I don't want to hear anything against Lady Beatrice, please. She is a woman; and her sex, if it cannot, unhappily, command our respect, at least demands our silence. Let everything go on as usual, if you please, Mr. Colbrook; and if you will call here this evening at 6.30, I will drive you over to Exworth."

That last week was a trying week, indeed, to Lord Sywell. But he went through it like a man, arousing thereby the warm admiration of his supporters and the sympathetic respect of his opponents. The indignation throughout the neighborhood against both Lady Beatrice and Philip Merton was intense, and it was a good thing indeed for them that they had cleared out, since it would not have been safe for either of them to have shown their faces just then even in the most Radical parts of the constituency.

There are those who assert that the spirit of chivalry is dead. But methinks they are too sweeping in their assertion. When anything happens to evoke it, it still makes itself apparent; and it certainly made itself apparent now in the attitude of the Greenhire people towards Lord Sywell, whose public courage and self-control in the face of great private trouble appealed strongly to their sturdy British minds. Sir James Arkwright himself, stubborn old dog though he was, was moved to bury the hatchet. Meeting Lord Sywell one day in the market-place of Westleigh, he hesitated one moment, then strode up to the Viscount, and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Doing anything on Sunday night?" he said. "Come over and eat a bit of dinner with me and Queenie."

The Greenhire "Chronicle" of the following week contained, along with other matter, these two items of intelligence: (1.) WESTLEIGH ELECTION RESULT. Sywell (C.) 4,091 Pratt (L.) 3,299

(2.) AN APOLOGY.

We beg to express our deep regret for the statement, which we published in our last week's issue, viz., that Lady Beatrice Hemingway had eloped with Mr. Philip Merton.

We have since been satisfied by evidence submitted to us by Lady Beatrice's solicitors that such was not the case. Lady Beatrice left for her father's residence (Banstead Castle) in Northumberland, where she has since remained; while Mr. Merton went direct to London. We understand that the marriage between her ladyship and Mr. Merton will not take place at present.

We beg, therefore, to tender our sincere apologies to both the lady and gentleman concerned, and also to the members of their respective families, for the annoyance which has been caused them by our unfounded report. We may, however, plead in extenuation, that the sudden rupture by Lady Beatrice of her engagement with Lord Sywell, and her preference for Mr. Merton, taken in connection with their simultaneous flight, was such as naturally to mislead us, as it misled Lord Sywell himself and everyone else in the neighborhood.—Ed. Greenhire "Chronicle."

At the same moment that the composers in the office of the G. "C." were setting up these announcements a strictly private little gathering was being held at the Earl of Wellington's London house in Berkeley square. Present: The Earl, Lord Sywell, Lady Beatrice Hemingway and Philip Merton.

Said the Earl, looking as pleased and jubilant as the proverbial Punch: "You were quite right, Mr. Merton. Everything was against us. Sywell would never have got in on his own merits as a candidate. It was the dramatic and pathetic elements so ingeniously introduced by you that did the trick for him. And now, if you will kindly step with me into my study, I shall have great pleasure in drawing you that little cheque—"Truth."

The Origin of Coffee.

AS to the history of coffee, the legend runs that it was first found growing wild in Arabia. Hadji Omar, a dervish, discovered it in 1285, six hundred and seventeen years ago. He was dying of hunger in the wilderness, when, finding some small round berries, he tried to eat them, but they were bitter. He tried roasting them, and these he finally steeped in some water held in the hollow of his hand, and found the decoction as refreshing as if he had partaken of solid food. He hurried back to Mocha, from which he had been banished, and, inviting the wise men to partake of his discovery, they were so well pleased with it that they made him a saint.

The story is told, writes Thomas R. Dingley, Jr., in "Success," that coffee was introduced into the West Indies in 1723, by Chirac, a French physician, who gave a Norman gentleman by the name of De Cleux, a captain of infantry on his way to Martinique, a single plant. The sea voyage was a stormy one, the vessel was driven out of her course, and drinking water became so scarce that it was distributed in rations. De Cleux, with an affection for his coffee plant, divided his portion of water with it, and succeeded in bringing it to Martinique, although weak, not in a hopeless condition. There he planted it in his garden, protected it with a fence of thorns, and watched it daily until the end of the year, when he gathered two pounds of coffee, which he distributed among the inhabitants of the island to be planted by them. From Martinique coffee trees in turn were sent to Santo Domingo, Guadalupe and other neighboring islands.

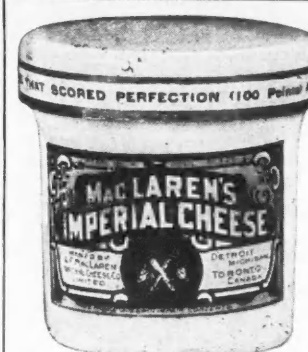
The coffee tree is an evergreen shrub, growing in its natural state, to a height of fourteen to eighteen feet. It is usually kept trimmed, however, for convenience in picking the berries, which grow along the branches close to the leaves and resemble in shape and color ordinary cherries. The tree cannot be grown above the frost line, neither can it be successfully grown in the tropics. The most successful climate for production is that found at an altitude of about four thousand feet. Anything much above this is in danger of frost, which is fatal to the tree; and, when coffee is grown much below this, it requires artificial shade, which materially increases the cost of production and does not produce as marketable berries. It is owing to this particular requirement that coffee has never been successfully produced north of the Mexican boundary.

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Ceylon Tea, "A Positive Luxury"

There is no other tea in the world so "entirely" satisfactory in every respect to the taste of the connoisseur.

BLACK OR NATURAL GREEN SEALED LEAD PACKETS ONLY 60 cents Per Pound



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No imitation can bear the 'Dartring'. No imitation can be called 'Dartring'.

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Assets, \$3,000,000.00.

3 1/2% Interest Allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents Upwards.

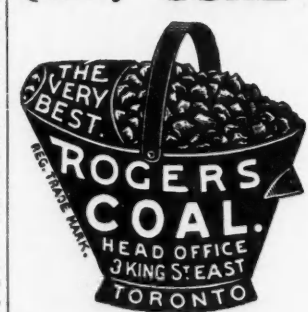
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- 1352 Queen Street West
- 204 Wellesley Street
- Esplanade East (near Berkeley Street)
- Esplanade East (foot of Church Street)
- 302 Pape Avenue (at G.T.R. Crossing)
- 1131 Yonge Street (at G.P.R. Crossing)
- 258 to 280 Lansdowne Avenue (near Dundas St.)

The ELIAS ROGERS CO., Limited

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Infant Marriages.

According to a recent census report, 143 boys and 187 girls under one year of age were married in India during a single year. The record during the same year for marriages of children under five years was 2,297 for boys, and 3,534 for girls. As a consequence of this state of affairs there were, at the time the census was taken, twenty-two widowers and twenty-seven widows less than a year old, and some 300 less than five years old. The evil results of this system have been so extreme and alarming among certain of the Hindu castes that a bill has lately been drafted in the Province of Baroda which limits the marriageable age at eighteen years for boys and fourteen for girls.

An Appreciative People.

There can be no doubt that the citizens of Toronto are quick to make use of a good thing when it is offered.

The rapidity with which the owners of the better class of houses are adopting the electric light in an evidence of this. Its use is becoming so general that those who usually have the best that is to be had are realizing that if they want to be "in the swim" they must do away with obsolete methods and adopt the "electric only" idea.

The reliable service furnished by the local electric light company justifies this, and when the cheapness of the light is considered it is small matter for wonder that it is being so generally adopted here.

The Shooting Season Opens.

The open season for moose commences October 15 in the northern region of Ontario, Temiskaming, and vicinity, where big game abound. The Grand Trunk Railway has issued a very handsome illustrated pamphlet, entitled "Haunts of Fish and Game," giving information upon the game laws and open seasons for deer, moose, reindeer, caribou, etc., in the "Highlands of Ontario" and other districts along the line of the Grand Trunk. Copies will be furnished on application at Grand Trunk city ticket office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

'Toronto-Hamilton-Brantford Limited.'

Fast express leaves Toronto 9 a.m. daily, except Sunday, for Brantford, via Grand Trunk, arriving 10.30 a.m. Express leaves Brantford 1.30 p.m. daily, except Sunday, arriving Toronto 3 p.m., being the quickest train service between these cities. Call at city ticket office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets, for tickets and further information.

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WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY

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LOOK TO YOUR EYES

Perhaps they are in urgent need of help. It is wisdom to consult an oculist if they pain you, or if your sight is poor.

Leading Oculists Recommend "Potter's"

Only "first-quality" lenses are to be found here. The most becoming spectacles and pince-nez at moderate prices.

Chas. Potter & Co.,
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Afternoon Tea...

REGIMENTAL

and company shooting prizes and medals—call and be convinced that money can be saved.

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DR. CHARLES J. RODGERS DENTIST

CARLTON CHAMBERS, South-East cor. Carlton and Yonge Sts.

Social and Personal.

An autumnal wedding was solemnized at Brantford on Tuesday evening, the 15th, when Grace Isabel, only daughter of Mrs. Edward Brophy, was united in the bonds of matrimony to Mr. Harry Le Breton-Gray of Rochester, N.Y., by the Rev. Posidick Harrison of the Congregational Church. The artistically cosy home of the bride's mother was transformed into a bower with a wealth of flowers and palms. A greenwood altar was arranged in the bay window in the library, a dark, verdant background, with white asters in relief. From this the round verandah was walled in with white draperies, upon which were festooned and interwoven innumerable autumnal-tinted vines, red berries and the later wild-flowers. Half hidden in leaves frequent electric lights lent a brilliancy to the scene. Before the ceremony began Master Danny Campbell, Brantford's boy soprano, sang "O Promise Me" with voice of silvery sweetness. Miss Kate Marquis played the "Wedding March." To its measured strains the bridal procession descended the vine-draped staircase. First came two ushers, Mr. Frank E. Brophy, B.A., brother of the bride, and Dr. T. Dunlop White, followed by little Miss Irene Brophy of Toronto, niece of the bride, in dainty white frock, carrying a basket of white roses, and the bridesmaids, Miss S. Maida Graham of Rochester, N.Y., and Miss Madeleine Baker of Springfield, Mass. They were gowning in pale blue silk mull over white tulle, with veils of pale blue tulle, and carried shower bouquets of pink asters, tied with pink ribbon. Mrs. Morgan Harris, as matron of honor, preceded the bride, and was gowning like the bridesmaids. Mr. Fred A. Brophy of Toronto brought in the bride, who was gowning in white duchess satin and duchess lace, with bridal veil and shower bouquet of white roses. The best man was a Yale classmate, Mr. William H. Buell of Altoona, Pa. The young couple were the recipients of handsome presents from their many friends, both in this country and the United States. The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful diamond sunburst, and to the bridesmaids and matron of honor a gold bar, set with alternate pearls and turquoise, and to the groomsmen a diamond scarf-pin.

There is some talk of another fall run for the Automobile Club, to go via Hamilton to St. Catharines. The Buffalo "Auto-club" invited the Toronto Club to dinner at the International Hotel, Niagara Falls, on the day the latter went to Cobourg, and are suggesting a run to Rochester. Rochester hasn't done a thing to us this summer!

A quiet but pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, the 23rd of September, at St. Anne's Church, when Miss Flora Brigham, daughter of the late R. W. Brigham of Barrie, was married to Mr. Norman A. Howie, Rev. Lawrence E. Skey officiating. The bride wore a becoming suit of navy blue broadcloth and a large hat to match, and carried American Beauty roses. She was attended by Mrs. William Marselles (nee Greer), who wore blue silk Eolienne over tulle. Mr. and Mrs. Howie left immediately after the ceremony for Montreal, Quebec, Boston and Halifax.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret (Maddie) Holland Britton, daughter of Mr. Charles E. Britton, Gananoque, to the Rev. Harold H. Beddard-Jones, M.A., rector of St. Peter's Church, Brockville.

Dr. Torrington entertained Mr. J. Mackenzie Rogan, bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards, quietly at supper on last Sunday evening.

Miss Thacker has returned from Center Island and is at the Elliott House for the winter.

Miss Constance W. Wreyford of the Toronto School of Physical Culture returns from England this week. In view of the prominent position to be given to curative gymnastics this season, work on these lines as undertaken at the Children's Hospital in London has claimed much of Miss Wreyford's attention. The name of Dr. Clarence L. Starr on the staff of the Toronto School of Physical Culture is another feature tending to strengthen the confidence inspired by the good work of last season.

Miss Mabel C. Hall of the Toronto School of Physical Culture returns this week from Halifax, where she has been taking a special course of fencing with Sergeant-Major Long, gymnastic instructor to the Dominion Government.

King Edward a Busy Man.

Travelling as Duke of Lancaster, the King left recently for Marienbad. Thus a brief spell of rest and "cure"—little more than a fortnight in fact—winds up a year of incessant movement and work, interwoven with State ceremonies of bewildering variety, journeys by sea and land, and personal communion with not a few of the world's great figures. Time flies! for it was only last month that the anniversary of the Coronation

was observed. Casting the mind no farther back than the past four months, his Majesty's movements daily—almost hourly—have formed an epitome, and a really notable one, of "the strenuous life." The end of April and the beginning of May saw the accomplishment of his Mediterranean and South European tour—to Portugal, Gibraltar, Malta, Naples, and Rome, and homeward by way of Paris. The middle of May saw him in Scotland; at the end of June and the beginning of July he was in Ireland; and now, after the necessarily hurried relaxation of Cowes week, he has started on what all his subjects trust will be a genuine holiday, though none too long to brace him up afresh for that business of kingship which, under present-day democratic conditions, might well try the nerve and mettle of a far younger man.

King Edward, it is evident, never intends to allow the rusty blade to wear out the scabbard. Back from his Irish tour, fraught with pleasant memories and eloquent of future good results, he looked a trifle worn; but there was not a trace of weariness or—and this best of all—of illness. His recovery has bestowed upon him, to all appearances, a fresh fund of vigor. Such events as his reception in this country of the King of Portugal and President Loubet, his visits to the same King and President in their own capitals, and to the King of Italy and the late Pope, all point, happily, to the work of a Sovereign abounding in health. And such is King Edward's zeal that during months which must have been mapped out with the precision of a time-table he has found, or rather "made," time to inspect workmen's dwellings at Millbank, to open his own bridge at Kew, and to show once again his philanthropic bent by visiting the London Hospital. All who have taken heed of this recent royal kaleidoscope have seen how untiringly the Queen has identified herself with the King, and will wish her Majesty, likewise, the pleasantest of autumn holidays.—"Outlook."

Side Lights on Smokers.

(From R. O. T.)

A man's character, his disposition, and his chance of success in life may all be gauged by the manner in which he treats his cigars. The few rules we give for the guidance of our readers are the results of long-continued observation, and we will guarantee them to be perfectly accurate.

The man who snatches a cigar from another man's mouth and smokes it is of a selfish and somewhat grasping disposition. He would do well as a financier, but would fail as an ambassador. Curiously enough we gather from the records of a recent "cause celebre" that Madame Humbert had a playful habit of snatching her acquaintances' cigarettes.

The man who bites off the end of his cigar is a bon vivant, but is likely to have a bitter tongue—in controversy. His success as a chef or a dramatic critic would be assured, but he will do well to avoid the legal or medical professions. Sir J. Crichton-Browne always bites ten cigars before breakfast.

The man who smokes his cigar hastily, with impatient puffs, is energetic, business-like, and keenly ambitious. So ambitious that unless he controls himself he is in danger of becoming unscrupulous. Mr. Jesse Collings revealed in a conversation the other day the interesting fact that since the tariff agitation began no cigar has lasted the Colonial Secretary more than two minutes.

The man who takes a cigar from the tobaccoist's counter and passively declines to pay for it till the shopkeeper seizes him and searches his pockets is highly conscientious and of a noble disposition, but is likely to be misunderstood by the world. He would do magnificently as an advertising agent, but would be an utter failure as a bishop.

The man who bores his cigars with a pin is of a slow, stolid disposition. He is unbusinesslike, yet has an exaggerated notion of his powers of speech and of his ability as a man of affairs. The president of the Board of Trade always bores.

The man who holds his cigar between his lips and occasionally endeavors to jerk it up in the air with his teeth and catch it in his finger-tips. He would fail as Secretary of War or as a brewer, but would succeed as a diplomatist or juggler. Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Cinqveall both cultivate this peculiar habit.

The man who in lighting his cigar always burns his fingers is impetuous, and often jumps to hasty conclusions. He would be a poor friend but a terrible enemy. His career is likely to be successful, but he may endanger his prospects by speaking out of season. Mr. Lloyd-George's right forefinger is always scorched.

The man who smokes two cigars at once has an open mind, and can see both sides of a question. With a little more decision of character he might do excellently as a cricket umpire, but he would be bound to fail as an engineer-driver or an editor. The Premier is never happier than when he is relaxing his mind over a French novel and smoking two cigars.

The man who collects his ash as it falls from his cigar is one who has a keen eye to his own financial interests and a strong sense of his personal dignity. He would succeed as a laundry proprietor, but would be a failure as Poet-Laureate or an auctioneer. Mr. MacLaren brought all his cigar-ashes back with him after his last visit to Australia.

The man who keeps his cigars in his case and does not smoke them will be a success in business. He would make a perfect pawnbroker or burglar, but would be out of place as an actor or an archdeacon. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has never opened his cigar-case since he first filled it.—"Punch."

The King has directed that the chair in which his revered mother so often sat in Whippingham Church shall not be used again, and it has been placed in the center of the royal pew, protected by a cord, with her late Majesty's prayer-book, emblazoned with the Royal Arms, deposited on the seat. An oak chair upholstered in royal blue, for the present sovereign, now occupies its place.

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Our New Method of Cleaning Carpets on the Floor

We also clean Lounges, Mattresses, Pillows, Blankets, Chairs, Rugs, Curtains, Billiard Tables, Piano Covers and Tapestry Walls.

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is the word we use for our business in furs; it means that we are dealers in, and manufacturers of nothing but furs all the year around.

All our artisans are the best that the highest salaries can obtain, and with our own long practical experience, it remains for you to judge what we can do for you. We have no time to talk about others who deal in furs, it takes us all our time to attend to our own business, which is furs and nothing but furs.

We invite you to call and look through our large stock and see for yourself.

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MR. EDWIN HOLT
and Perfect Company
IN MR. E. S. WILLARD'S MASTERPIECE
The Cardinal
BY LOUIS N. PARKER
Production entire as seen in Toronto at High Prices.
Complete display of Costumes and Scenery
BEST SEATS 75, 50, 35. MATS. 25. FEW ROWS 50
Next Week ISABEL IRVING in "THE CRISIS"

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PRELLE'S DOGS
A Wonderful Animal Act.
BRUNO & RUSSELL
In a Singing Dancing Act.
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The Greatest Original Story Teller.
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The Best of All Toe Dancers.
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With all New Pictures.
SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION
Cole & Johnson
The Greatest Colored Entertainers in the World.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 26th to SATURDAY, OCT. 3rd

Racing and Steeplechasing
At least Six Races a day.
Admission to Grand Stand, \$1.00
Reserved Stand, \$1.50
REGIMENTAL BAND DAILY
First Race 2.30 p.m.
GOD SAVE THE KING.
W. M. HENDRIE, President. W. F. FRASER, Secretary.

RACE WEEK...

calls forth the smartest and most attractive Shirt Waist and Blouse effects. The Winning Shirt Waist is tailor-made, expert cut and finish. Making many in velvet. No two made alike.

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The greater the efforts, the longer the time spent by an individual in accumulating property for his family or other purposes, the more important becomes the duty of making a will. It is a duty that is sometimes put off until too late to be performed. We will forward free for the asking to any address in Canada the various forms of wills.

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Office and Safe Deposit Vaults—14 King Street West, Toronto.

DAILY RACING INFORMATION

Two Issues Daily
during O.J.C. Autumn Races at the Woodbine, Saturday, September 26th, to October 3rd, inclusive.

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Out at eight o'clock every evening. First issue on Friday night, Sept. 25th.

Morning Edition

Out at eight o'clock every morning. First issue on Saturday morning, Sept. 26th.

Billiard Tables

For Private Residence, Club or Cafe.
We design and build Art Billiard Tables to harmonize with interior work. We have photographs of some very rich tables recently installed in prominent homes. Phone for an engagement with our expert. Advice cheerfully given.

Samuel May & Co.
116 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

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"1847 Roger Bros." Plated Cutlery
Varieties are good. Values are good.
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Fidelity bonds for all persons in positions of trust. We issue them for officers and employees of all concerns—banks, telephones, telegraph and secret societies of all descriptions. Write for particulars.

The London Guarantee and Accident Co. LIMITED
D. W. Alexander, General Manager for Canada.
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Do you want your bag to last for one trip or do you want it to last for years?
The experience of all buyers of a good bag is that even with years of hard wear it always has a good appearance and shows that it is of the best quality.



The New Pattern

Deep Club Bag, No. 999

made of the best quality of natural grain leather, leather lined, double handles, made of three pieces of leather only, and the best quality of frame made.

Price—16 in., \$10; 18 in., \$11; 20 in., \$12

Catalogue S describes this handsome bag and other leading lines we make. It is mailed free. We also pay express charges in Ontario.

The JULIAN SALE
LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited

105 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Broderick have sold their home in Albany avenue and leave to take up their residence in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Campbell, with their family, are home from their summer place at Simcoe.

Mrs. Jack Gault of Winnipeg is the guest of Mrs. Barwick. Mr. E. W. Sandys spent the week in town, en route for the North-West. Mr. and Mrs. Mont Lowndes and Miss Flo Lowndes have gone to the West Coast. Mrs. Cowan of Parkdale has gone to St. John, N.B., for a visit of some weeks. Miss McLeod of Crescent road is visiting her sister, Mrs. Whipple, in Rochester. Captain and Mrs. Bruce Carruthers of Kingston have been guests at the King Edward this week. Miss Alice Wallace of Port Hope, who has spent the summer on the Island, has gone home. The Misses Ball of Queen's Park have returned from Minicoganshene.

Mrs. George T. Denison, jr., has returned from Muskoka. Mr. and Mrs. George A. Reid of Indian road will be home next week.

Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Clark have returned to town. Mrs. Clark will receive for the first time on October 8 and 9, at 410 Bloor street west.

Mrs. George Byers Towers held her post-nuptial reception yesterday at her home, 43 Devon street. Her "day" during the season will be Friday. Mrs. Towers was Miss Stammers of Grove avenue, a member of one of the old West End families.

I was in error a fortnight or so back in mentioning that Major Michie had returned from Scotland, as I hear he is still there.

Mrs. J. C. MacDougall and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Brough have returned from England.

Mrs. Falconbridge will receive for the first time this season on the second Monday in October. I hear Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge have purchased their home in Isabella street, which has been the scene of three happy wedding receptions this year, and are making improvements.

A very fashionable wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, when Miss Laura Tremaine, eldest daughter of the Rev. Canon Richardson, rector of St. John's Church, Township of London, and Mr. Leonard Percy De Wolfe Tilley, barrister-at-law, of St. John, N.B., son of the late Sir Leonard Tilley, K.C.M.G., C.B., late Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, were married. The ceremony was performed by his Lordship the Bishop of Huron, assisted by the bride's father. The bride was attended by two matrons of honor, Mrs. John Harswood Skinner of New York and Mrs. Harwood Skinner of St. John, N.B., and two bridesmaids, Miss Beatrice H. Richardson, her sister, and Miss Isabella Howland of London, Eng., cousin of the groom. The maid of honor was Miss Helen Richardson, the bride's youngest sister. The bride was brought in by her brother, Mr. Harold A. Richardson, of New York, and was given away by her father, Mr. Frederick Taylor of St. John, N.B., was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. W. Gordon Richardson of Montreal, A. O. Graydon, C.E., and Campbell Becher of London. The cathedral was handsomely decorated with white asters and other flowers of pale tints, maple leaves and goldenrod. Mr. and Mrs. Tilley left on the C.P.R. for their honeymoon, the greater portion of which will be spent at St. Andrew's, N.B., in the country residence of Lady Tilley.

At one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon the marriage of Miss Charlotte Louise (Lottie) Fisher, fourth daughter of Mrs. Fisher-Landon, to Mr. Frederick Norman Horton of Ingersoll, second son of the late Captain Charles Bedlington

Horton of Forest Gate, London, Eng., was celebrated in Old St. Andrew's Church, Rev. Dr. Milligan officiating. The wedding marches were played by Mr. Jeffries, and Mrs. Leonora James-Kennedy sang a beautiful solo during the service. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Frank Fisher of Ingersoll, wore a beautiful gown of white silk crepe de chine over ruffles of chiffon and tulle, with a long tulle veil caught with orange blossoms. The bouquet was a shower of bride roses. Miss J. Marguerite Fisher, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and wore a costume of pale rosea colienne, and carried a sheaf of American Beauty roses and wore a large black picture hat. The bridesmaid, Miss Christina Cairncross, was gowned in champagne crepe de chine. She also wore a black picture hat and carried American Beauty roses. Two little flower-girls, Misses Clara Landon and Isabel Fisher, sister and niece of the bride, wore dainty white silk dresses and carried baskets of white carnations. Mr. Herbert Smith was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Allan Fisher, Mr. C. Tracy Chapman, and Mr. Cecil Johnson of Ingersoll. The groom's gifts to the maids were pearl crescents, and to the flower-girls gold bracelets. A great many beautiful gifts from England and other distant places were received. A reception was held after the ceremony at the home of the bride's mother, 103 Alexander street. Mr. and Mrs. Horton left on the afternoon boat for Montreal, and will take a trip down the Hudson to New York before settling in their new home, "Maplehurst," Ingersoll. The bride went away in a navy blue broadcloth, tailor-made, and cream crepe blouse, with deep lace collar. Her hat was of navy pieced felt, with touches of white.

The engagement of Mr. Maurice J. Taylor of Florsheim and Miss Maude White of 112 Walmer road is announced. I am informed that their marriage will take place on Wednesday, October 7, and will be a very quiet event.

Mrs. Paul Krell arrived in town on Wednesday, and is visiting her sister, Mrs. Robert A. Smith, at her home in Huron street. Mrs. Smith is now better after her illness, as all her friends are pleased to hear.

A new garment called in England the "Guard's coat," with a very smart military look, has been introduced by two of the Toronto ladies who spent some time in England this year. At the polo and gymkhana meets Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn and Miss Harriet Cassels wore the latest fashionable garment as above named. Miss Cassels had a very smart and pronounced military color touch on her coat. Mrs. Cockburn's was the new cut, but quietly done in navy blue.

The illness of Captain Arthur Kirkpatrick has caused his friends much anxiety. Mrs. Kirkpatrick had just returned home with her little ones, when her husband was taken ill. The children are away, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick is a devoted nurse, having the satisfaction of seeing her husband improving, as the attack of typhoid is only a mild one.

On Friday evening, after the polo match, when the Rochester players secured the victory and trophy from the Montreal players, Mr. Osborne entertained the Calgary, Montreal and Rochester men at dinner. The polo teams had been put up at the Hunt Club for the week. No one who saw the splendid play of Mr. Averell of Rochester will soon forget it. When he and his "Arab" grey got hold of the ball it went just as they desired, the fleet steed seeming quite human in its ambition and judgment in the game, and the dashing young rider being a not-to-be-stopped proposition.

Dr. H. M. Torrington, a recent graduate of the University of Toronto Medical School, has taken a practice in Newfoundland. He will be missed from his place in the Toronto Orchestra, in which organization he has been a reliable first violin for several years.

Indifferentism.

READERS of books have sometimes debated the question, "What was the greatest book produced during the eighteenth century?" Was it Goethe's "Faust," or Jonathan Edwards on the "Freedom of the Will"? Was it Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," or that romance of Fielding's which Gibbon declared would "outlive the palace of the Escurial, and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria?"

It is hard to answer such a question, and very likely it is foolish to try. An easier task is to name the wittiest book of that century. One may do so without much fear of contradiction. The wittiest eighteenth century book, surely—although Wordsworth does call it, and in "The Excursion" at that, a "dull product of a scoffer's pen"—is Voltaire's "Candide," or "Optimism." Written in 1759 to satirize the doctrine that ours is the best of all possible worlds, "Candide" presents, in the form of a swiftly moving story, Voltaire's impression of the world as it really is. He exiles his young hero Candide—"a person of the most unaffected simplicity"—from his native castle in Westphalia, separates him from his beloved mistress Cunegunde, and sends him over Europe and America to seek for her and incidentally to observe our mortal situation. Candide is accompanied by an old philosopher named Martin, who has long served as a bookseller's hack and has lost all illusions. As they pass from one European capital to another, Candide still maintains, in spite of every disappointment and misfortune, that "there is nevertheless some good in the world."

"Maybe so," says Martin, "but it has escaped my knowledge."

Reasoning thus, they arrive at last at Venice, where they hear much talk about a certain noble Venetian, Signor Poccoeurante, whose name signifies "The Man-of-woes-little," and who is said to be a perfectly happy man.

"I should be glad to meet so extraordinary a being," says Martin, and accordingly our travelers pay a visit to the noble Poccoeurante. They find him dwelling in a palace on the Brenta. Its gardens are elegantly laid out and adorned with statues. The master of the palace is a man of sixty, rich, cultivated, bored. He shows the travelers his collection of paintings, among them some by Raphael. "I have what is called a fine collection," he admits, "but I take no manner of delight in them." He orders a concert for his guests, but confesses that he himself finds the music tiresome. After dinner they repair to the library, where Candide, observing a richly bound Homer, commends the noble Venetian's taste.

"Homer is no favorite of mine," answers Poccoeurante coolly; "I was made to believe once that I took a pleasure in reading him. . . . I have asked some learned men whether they are not in reality as much tired as myself with reading this poet. Those who spoke ingeniously assured me that he had made them fall asleep, and yet that they could not well avoid giving him a place in their libraries."

The conversation shifts to Virgil, Horace, Cicero; to the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, to the drama, to English politics, and finally to Milton; but Signor Poccoeurante finds in all these subjects little or nothing to praise. Candide the optimist is grieved. He has been taught to respect Homer and is fond of Milton.

"Alas," he whispers to Martin, "I am afraid this man holds our German poets in great contempt."

"There would be no such great harm in that," replies Martin.

"Oh, what a surprising man!" exclaims Candide to himself. "What a prodigious genius is this Poccoeurante! Nothing can please him."

After finishing their survey of the library, they go down into the garden. Candide politely says something in praise of its beauty.

"It is laid out in bad taste," replies Poccoeurante; "it is childish and trifling; but I shall have another laid out to-morrow upon a nobler plan."

At last the two travelers take leave of their host. "Well," says Candide to Martin, "I hope you will own that this man is the happiest of all mortals, for he is above everything he possesses."

ta: Candide the puzzled young optimist, old Martin the pessimist, grimly delighted, and Poccoeurante the indifferentist, with his perfect courtesy, his refreshing frankness, his infinite capacity for being bored. In this last personage, particularly, there is something which touches the fancy, provokes curiosity, and, possibly, in spite of all disapprobation of the noble Venetian's faults, invites to a closer acquaintance. One may venture therefore to consider the type of mind which the Venetian senator represents, and to discuss, in their bearing upon the life of the modern man, some of the old and new forms of indifferentism.

For Signor Poccoeurante is by no means a mere clever invention of Voltaire's. We have met the gentleman before. The type is older than the eighteenth century; older than the Horatian doctrine of nil admirari; older even than the Hebrew king who, like the Venetian senator, had his men-singers and women-singers, his banquets and palaces and pleasure-gardens, and grew tired of them all. The weariness of the mind in full possession of its treasures, as that of the body surfeited with its pleasures, is a familiar fact in human history. Poccoeurantism—the caring little for things that are worth caring much for—lurks deep in human nature. But there are certain conditions that bring the seed of it to full flowering. Every cultivated circle of men and women, every highly organized society, has its Poccoeurantes; nay, there is some drop of their blood in all of us who have had free access to the wide excitements of the senses, to the wide interests of the mind. Once liberate a man through education and opportunity, once make him a free citizen of the great world of thought, introduce him to affairs, to art and literature, and you give the indifferentism latent in him a chance to develop itself. Is there an educated person who has not noticed among his friends—and, if he be gifted with any power of self-analysis, in himself—this tendency to regard with dissatisfaction, with final criticism, with satiety, objects which are not only worthy but which once filled him with admiring joy?

That there is nothing new under the sun is as true now as in the days of Solomon. No doubt much of Roman prowess was due to the universal use of baths by all classes. The modern tendency is to return to the use of natural treatment. Unquestionably the waters compound in Nature's laboratory are the best remedial agents; chief among these, from medical references, is the "St. Catharines Well," located in St. Catharines, the "Garden City" of Canada. Here will be found every facility for rest, recuperation and comfort where exists a happy combination of family hotel life and sanitarium attachments for those desiring same. It is time that Canadians were sensible of the resources of their own country and that it is not necessary to go over the border to procure either the necessities or the luxuries of life.

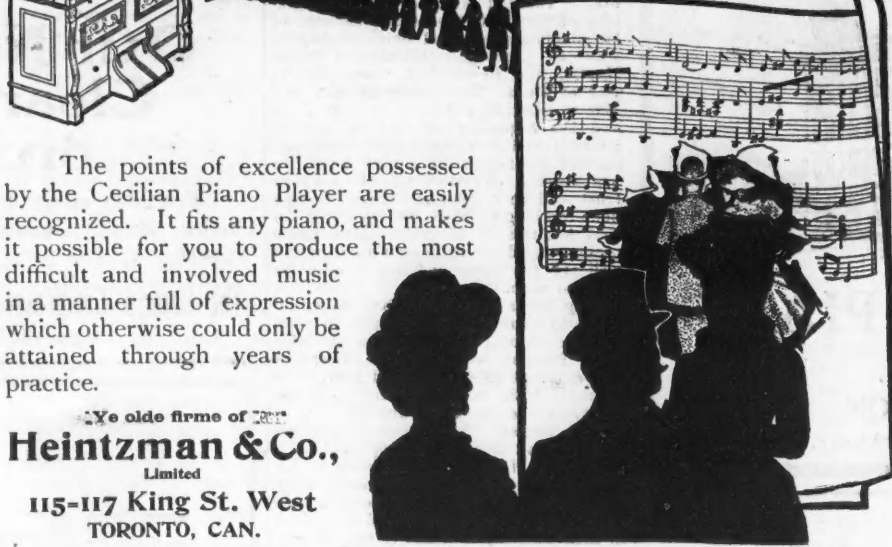
All the News of the Races.

"Daily Racing Information" is published twice daily during O.J.C. races at Woodbine. Night edition, out at 8 p.m., contains results of that day's races, entries and weights, mud-horse column, jockey's rating and past performances of the horses. Morning edition contains all the selections, the form chart and expert's handicap figures and comment, in addition to the other features. Price 10 cents a copy.

A Great Play Coming.

The scenes of Louis N. Parker's great play, "The Cardinal," which will be seen at the Grand Opera House next week, are laid in Rome in the fifteenth century, and in everything that pertains to staging and costuming there is magnificence without lavish display, and good taste and an intimate knowledge of the period is displayed. That this is so is due to the fact that when Mr. Parker conceived writing a drama about the chief events in the life of the most famous prince of the church, Giovanni de Medici, who was appointed a cardinal when he was 14 and made Pope when he was 37, taking the title of Leo X., he submitted the ideas and an outline of the proposed play to some of the highest dignitaries of the church in Rome and received tacit approval and was given every opportunity to carry out his plans. To this end he was given the liberty of the great Vatican library, inestimably rich in literary treasures, and here he studied the man whom he has made one of the greatest stage characters in history. The interest of the play centers about the confession of murder made by Strozzi to Cardinal de Medici. The cardinal's brother, Giuliano, is accused, tried and convicted for the crime, while the prince of the church is rendered powerless in his behalf through the secrecy the church imposes upon those who hear the confessions of penitents. The daughter of the murdered man is betrothed to Giuliano and desired as a wife by the real murderer. The first three acts are devoted to the full development of the situation outlined above and to the efforts of the cardinal

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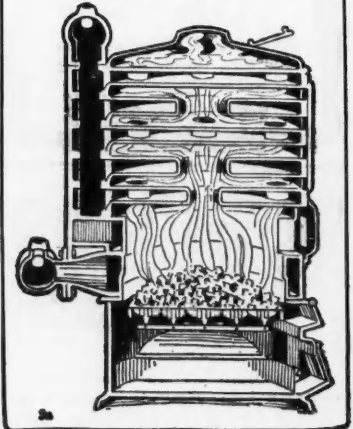
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Births.

Denny—At Ottawa, on Sept. 17, 1903, the wife of Lieut.-Col. W. A. C. Denny, Director of Intelligence Canadian Militia and colonel commanding corps of Guides, of a daughter.

Walker—Sept. 20, Thornton, Mrs. D. J. Walker, a son.

Jones—Sept. 12, Webbwood, Mrs. (Dr.) Jones, a son.

Gordon—Sept. 12, Chesley, Mrs. Paul M. Gordon, a son.

Beard, a son.
Taylor—Sept. 17, Mrs. W. J. M. Taylor, a son.
McCarthy—Sept. 19, Parkdale, Mrs. J. O. McCarthy, a daughter.
Pease—Sept. 20, Albany, N.Y., Mrs. (Dr.) H. D. Pease, a son.
Dunning—Sept. 20, Thornton, Mrs. Harry L. Dunning, a daughter.

Marriages.

Humphries—Barnett—On Tuesday, Sept. 8 at St. James' Church, Port Carling Muskoka, by the Rev. W. A. Howard, M.A., rector, Ernest A. Humphries, musical director of the Ontario Institution for the Blind, Brantford, to Mary Gertrude (May) Barnett, second daughter of the late T. D. Barnett, Esq., of Toronto.
Duckett—McCully—Sept. 21, Toronto, Chas. W. Duckett to Elizabeth McCully.
Irvine—McCulla—Sept. 15, Toronto, Franklin Irvine to Anna Ethel McCulla.
Smith—Karn—Sept. 18, Woodstock, Thos. Drew Smith to Lou Edna Karn.
Thompson—Holgate—Sept. 12, Toronto, Ernest Cameron Thompson to Edith Hughes Holgate.

Deaths.

Chatterton—Sept. 21, Mary Delina Chatterton.
Marshall—Piffard, N.Y., Mrs. Catherine Marshall, aged 91 years.
Dodd—Toronto, Mrs. John Dodd.
Pearson—Sept. 22, Brampton, Ann Modeland Pearson, aged 83 years.
Bitzer—Sept. 22, Berlin, Conrad Bitzer, B.A.
Law—Sept. 20, Walkerton, Thomas Law, aged 71 years 9 months and 18 days.
Andrews—Sept. 21, Letitia Andrews.
Burns—Sept. 20, Toronto, William Gordon Burns, aged 17 years.
Grier—Sept. 19, Toronto Junction, Terence Wyly Grier, aged 1 year 11 months and 8 days.
Harding—Sept. 21, Toronto, Thomas Sargent Harding.
Wylie—Sept. 21, Orangeville, Annie Florence Wylie.
Williams—Sept. 21, Collingwood, Elizabeth McMahon Williams, aged 90 years.
Culham—Sept. 21, Hamilton, Millicent Culham.
Spink—Sept. 19, Toronto, John Spink, aged 73 years 8 months.

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